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THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LIEUT. E. H. KELLOGG.

DECORATION-DAY MEMORIAL—MAY 30, 1877.

The wreaths that we strew to-day on the dead
Deck the graves that are green o'er many who bled
For a cause that was lost and a cause that was won,
Each gallantly fought for by each gallant son,
Who deemed in his heart as he stood in the fight
That the cause he defended was solely the right.

And they were stout-hearted and valiant and true,
Were these boys who were garbed in the gray and the blue;
And the brave boys in blue will remember to-day
How stout were the hearts of the brave boys in gray
As they came to the front 'neath the stars and the bars,
Though they fought 'gainst the flag of the stripes and the stars.

And, though we feel proud that the blue won the day,
We honor the memory of those in the gray,
As we meet by the graves where they peacefully rest,
As they lie side by side in the sleep of the blest,
Let each one remember in reverence to-day
That they were but brothers, the blue and the gray.

IRENE:

THE SLAVE OF THE RING AND THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL,

AUTHOR OF "ERIE TEMPLETON," "POISONED FOR LOVE," "LU THE QUADROON," "GILDED SORROWS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.
WAITING AND WATCHING.

Two notes had been written by Lee Benedict to Irene before his departure for the fatal field. One was to be delivered in case of his being simply wounded, telling her he would be unavoidably absent for a little, but would return at the first possible moment. The other, and into which he had poured his whole heart, and informed her of his death and its cause—that he had given his life willingly to attest her purity, and that love would abide after death, and his soul would watch her triumphs with gladness, and wait beyond "the river" to welcome her to the Eternal City whose gates are sapphire and streets gold—was to be delivered if he fell.

The second of the fallen man, immediately upon his return from the Mission, endeavored to faithfully keep his promise, and did in the spirit, but miserably failed in the letter. Borne down by grief at the sudden "taking away" of his friend, he dispatched the wrong epistle, and (as he had been bidden) consigned the other to the flames.

"Poor Lee," he said, "you deserved a better fate. A noble and a true heart has gone. May Heaven curse me if I ever again assist in a duel—in base murder, for it is nothing else, gloss it over as may be with the plea of honor."

Irene read the words, the first she had ever received from his pen, and dropped tears of regret upon the page. But her eyes brightened as she came to understand that he would only be absent for a little time, and her heart beat wildly as she thought what fervent vows she would hear upon his return, and how she would be clasped for all time to his faithful breast.

What if she had known of the stilled form, and the sackcloth-robed priest bowed down in prayer within the walls of the lonely Mission? Filled with the thought of the return of him to whom she had given her heart, she went joyfully through her duties, and her fame grew with every personation. But she kept herself more excluded than ever. As she had escaped without taint thus far, she was doubly anxious to do so now, for the sake of the dear one who was soon coming back.

A week passed, and she heard nothing of Lee Benedict—a month, and she began to grow terribly anxious. Had he only written whither he had gone she might have been satisfied, for mails were uncertain and ships delayed. Once she remembered to have heard him casually remark that he would soon have the command of another ship. Had he gone for that purpose? It must be so, and he intended to surprise her. Upon that consolation she was forced to rest.

And, fortunately, her study and rehearsals occupied very much of her time. A rival theatre had advertised great attractions, and they must be met by counter ones. It would not do to have the tide of public favor change and divert the money from the treasury. So the manager planned, and Irene assisted, and the pieces were constantly changed, involving great labor, and Irene forgot something of anxiety in the pride of professional life.

Yet, truth to tell, she was becoming somewhat weary of the unceasing strain upon brain and nerve—beginning to realize that the life of an actress was not all sunshine, that it was wearing in the extreme, and she now and then thought of the heaven of a quiet life—a home where the gossiping world had no right to intrude, a home glorified with love.

And such a home she could give to the man of her choice, if poor. She had been very frugal, had saved as much as possible, and her bank-account was such as but a little year before would have been to her a fabulous sum.

She was sitting and dreaming of these things one "off" evening—building the most gorgeous castles in Spain—weaving a brain-romance, with love for the architect and the heart for the foundation-stone—when a low rap upon the door aroused her. Thinking it but the manager, who had quasi carte-blanche to visit her, she gave the requisite answer. The door opened slowly, noiselessly, and, to her intense astonishment, a black-robed priest entered. Had it been a ghost, she could scarcely have felt a greater chill run through her.

With silent footfall, without the rustle of garments, he seemed to glide across the floor and take the chair to which Irene mechanically pointed.

"Daughter, *benedicite*," he said in a clear, calm voice, one that seemed to never have been turned to any discordant passion.

Irene gazed steadily, almost fascinated, at him, even while she shrank from his touch. It was the first time she had ever spoken to one of his profession—she had always looked upon them with awe. But she soon recovered her self-possession, and even thought that, while he came unannounced and apparently upon some secret mission, he was not one to fear, unless his face entirely belied his character.

He was a man of nearly sixty years, of rather more than medium height, gray-haired, thin almost to emaciation, and his movements were always noiseless ones. But eyes of piercing black told that his soul had not ever been a passionless one, and that long years of severe training had been necessary to keep the stream of the heart from overflowing its banks.

"Daughter," he continued, as no response came from the lips of Irene, "you are one whom the world delights to honor, would make a saint of, because Heaven has been pleased to give you beauty and talents—beauty that at best is but dust, and talents debased by pandering to human frailty."

"You obtruded not yourself upon me to tell me these things?" replied Irene with flushing cheeks.

"You speak truly, my daughter; but the glass through which you look at life is brilliant with tints, and you see only happiness, while mine is clouded, and my eyes rest only upon pain and sorrow and sin. But let not your anger rise, my child It is natural I should speak of the things to which my life has been devoted."

"But I belong not to your Church—have never bent a knee at its shrine."

"Yet we may believe in the same God," he said solemnly, and with the sign of the Cross. "But I came not hither to discuss the affairs of our holy Church, though it is ever uppermost in my thoughts—is second to none upon the earth."

"Then you will be kind enough to tell me the object of your visit?" questioned Irene, uneasy before his fixed and earnest look, as if during the years since his novitiate he had acquired the subtle power of gazing through the flesh into the soul.

"My daughter, curiosity should ever be tempered with patience. Sorrow comes soon enough."

"Sorrow!" exclaimed Irene, paling and involuntarily bending towards him with hands clasped in mute agony.

"I said not," he continued in the same flexile and even voice, "that sorrow was coming to you, my child—simply that it was the lot of all. Look at me well, and answer from the purity of your heart if you can trust me?"

It was a strange question for the man, the time and the place, and well might Irene hesitate. But there was all in his favor, and, after a moment of thought, she answered:

"I think I could have perfect confidence in you; but why do you ask?"

"Trust begets trust. Will you go with me out into the darkness—go alone—without knowledge of where or for what purpose?"

She started at the proposition—gazed at him as if some monster tempting her to destruction, and remained irresolute.

"God ever guards those who put their trust in Him," broke in his deep voice; "and, if it will ease your heart, I swear that my purpose is a holy one."

Still Irene hesitated, knew not what to do, even while not doubting his word, while placing implicit trust upon the sanctity of his oath. Then she impulsively answered:

"This is strange, very strange. I cannot tell why, but I feel impelled to do as you wish."

"And if you do not, you will never forgive yourself to your dying day."

"I will but leave word of my going, and then accompany you," she said with sudden resolution.

"You will tell no one," he answered in his softest tones, and it fell upon her ear as a command.

"How soon will I return?"

"It may be in a few hours—may not be in days."

There was a strange magnetic power flashing from his eyes that made her a captive against her will—that determined her to pierce the heart of the mystery.

"I will go with you," she said; "but if wrong comes to me there are those who will be swift to revenge."

"Vengeance belongs to the Lord alone."

"But why not tell where I am going, and for what purpose?"

"Because I am forbidden."

"By whom?"

"The hours pass swiftly, and we have already wasted precious time," he replied evasively, dropping his eyes to the floor, and then gathering up his robes for departure.

In a moment Irene had secured bonnet and shawl. Then she took from a box upon the table a pistol, and laid it deftly within her dress, believing the action unseen. But it was not so. Her strange visitor permitted nothing to escape him, and his thin lips curled with a quick play of scorn. Yet he made no comment, and when she pronounced herself ready led the way quietly down the stairs and out of the hotel to a neighboring corner, where a carriage was waiting.

"Enter, my daughter," he whispered.

She complied, and they were driven away, she knew not whither—with a companion she had never seen before—to a destination she knew not of—for a purpose of which she could not dream.

With fitfully beating pulse she waited the end, terrified by the rash step she had taken, and with all the stories of abduction she had ever heard floating up from the depths of memory. But her hand rested upon the pistol, and, somewhat reassured, she nerved herself against any surprise that might come.

It was so dark she could distinguish nothing by even pressing her face against the little windows of the carriage. But even could she have done so she would have known little, a stranger as she was to the environs of the city. But once she caught a glimpse of something in passing that attracted her curiosity, and she asked of her silent companion an explanation.

"The dead sleep there," was the brief response.

Passing through a graveyard! The thought was enough in her already excited state to entirely unnerve her, and she laid her hand upon the arm of the priest, and demanded to be at once taken home, or at least be permitted to get out of the carriage.

"Sit still, my child. You have gone too far to retreat now—must wait until the end. It will soon come."

A will stronger than her own controlled her. Even in the darkness she fancied she could see the almost feline sparkling of the eyes that were bent upon her, and her heart sank against any resistance. But his next words encouraged her.

"You have nothing to fear. Remember my oath."

The carriage was driven on more swiftly, and soon halted. She was lifted out, and saw the outline of some extensive building, but of what character she could not determine.

"My daughter," again broke forth the unimpassioned voice upon her ear, "summon all your fortitude. You will need it."

"Why?"

"Because you are going into the presence of one who has risen from the dead."

A cry of horror rose to her lips; but she bravely smothered it, and, though trembling as an aspen in the wintry winds, she permitted herself to be led along, soon aware that she was threading dark and narrow passages, and the earthy smell struck to her soul as if in an underground charnel-house.

"Pause," said the voice at her elbow, "until I get a candle. "Do not stir until I come again, no matter what you may see or hear. You do not know the secrets of this place."

She heard steps receding from her side, felt that she was alone, and a mighty terror overcame her. Then a strange sound came to her ears. She listened. It was repeated, became more plain, and she would have sworn it was someone calling her own name. Could it be the delusion of an overheated brain? She listened again. It came distinct and clear as the chime of the bell that but a moment before had tolled "twelve" from the tower of the Mission.

"Irene, my darling, will you never come!"

The voice was weak, trembling, but she felt it in every fibre of her being—knew that it had once belonged to Lee Benedict, and a mighty fear took possession of her.

"Irene, my love, come."

She waited to hear no more. If she was summoned from the grave, thither she would go. She endeavored to collect her scattered senses—heard the words distinctly repeated a third time—felt her way along the cold, damp walls, pushed upon a half-open door, and stood in a chapel, where lights were brightly blazing upon the altar, and before which stood a coffin containing the unconscious dead, robed in the last vestments of earth!

One look at the pinched face and blue lips, and a shriek of terrible horror and utter despair burst from her, and she fell at full length.

The unwonted sound rang through the Mission. There was a scurrying of sandaled feet, a rustling thither of sable-frocked forms, and an exclamation of surprise came from all to find a young, beautiful, and costly-dressed woman there.

The old priest who had guided Irene entered. With a glance he comprehended the situation, and gave the necessary orders. Then he lifted up the prostrate form, carried it to a chamber, and laid it upon a bed.

"In trying to save, I have killed," he murmured, with eyes misty with tears—"killed; but it may be the hand of Heaven saving her from a life of perdition," and he stole noiselessly out, and closed the door carefully behind him.

MLLE. BIANCHI, Operatic Vocalist.

SEE "AMUSEMENT ANNALS."

CHAPTER XXV.
AMO, AMAS, AMAT.

Strange as it would have appeared to Charles Lee Ashton, had he known the facts, he never saw any account of the safety of Irene Irving and the captain of the El Dorado. He firmly believed that both had met a watery or fiery death, that their bones had been reduced to ashes or were mouldering beneath the green sea-waves.

It was true that he glanced at the papers morning and evening, but it was only in the most superficial manner, giving far more attention to the rise and fall of stocks than to anything else. Indeed, his manner of life had entirely changed since the death of his mother and the loss of Irene. Theatrical matters had become distasteful to him—he never read a word upon the subject, knew nothing of what was passing even in the houses of amusement in his own city, and consequently any news from foreign parts, as far as he was concerned, might as well never have been published.

Twice had he been disappointed in love; and when the intoxicating cup of bliss was freely given to his lips for the third time, he seized upon it passionately.

And fully halfway was he met by Cora Benedict. She, too, had been sorely disappointed—had closed the blossoms of her heart against the man she had wedded, and with all the fullness of a first and exhaustive affection freely yielded herself for the asking.

And she believed herself innocent in so doing. Not a whisper had come to her ears that she was still bound by the vows she had spoken at the altar—not a word that her husband had survived the burning hell of a steamer, the raging of the waves, and the fierce attacks of the hungry sharks. No; very far from it. As her faith in Heaven, so was it that she had been utterly and forever divorced by the grave.

In this belief, to two hearts so strung with passion that had been part of their being since early childhood, with love made stronger by difficulties that had risen in their path and barred them for a time from its completeness, it could not be wondered at that they gave full play to the tide, and were swept away as by the current.

Not a single day would have intervened between their first coming together and their union, had it not been for the bugbear that so often rises in the pathway of humanity to senselessly alarm—"the speech of people!"

"What would society say," she asked as they sat discussing the day of their marriage, "if we were to wed before the customary time of mourning had passed?"

"Society!" he answered with a sneer. "What has it to do with us? What if we were to marry a year hence? It would have its flings at us the same then as now, and that would be the end of it. I care nothing for society or what it may say."

She looked at him as if doubting if she had heard aright. It seemed impossible that he could advise her to do aught that in the eyes of the world could be tortured into dishonor when urging her to become his wife. He read the expression upon her face, and continued, but in an altered and more tender strain:

"It is my great love for you, Cora, that makes me talk thus. I cannot bear that even an hour should stand between us and the consummation of our long-deferred happiness. If anything should again arise to prevent our union, it would kill me. There was a rumor at the time of my mother's death that I had committed suicide. In the event of which I have spoken occurring, it would become a fatal reality."

"Kill yourself!" she exclaimed wildly, throwing her arms around his neck, and sobbing upon his bosom. "Kill yourself! O Lee! it would be madness or death to me."

He gathered the beautiful form still more closely in his arms, hugged her nearer to his heart, raised the drooping head, and kissed away the hot tears, whispering the while the most burning words that can come from the lips of man. The thought of death, of an eternal separation, of a separation at all, was more than either could endure, and but little of temptation would have been needed to have resulted in the wreck of both souls.

But the very violence of the fire the sooner worked its own cure. They could not avoid looking the situation squarely in the face, do what they might—must either brave public opinion, with its venom-charged tongues, and marry, or remain as now, a true type of the poet's simile—"in sight of heaven, but feeling hell!"

What was to be done? With the fiery impatience of a nature that had never been restrained Lee Ashton urged, battled for, an immediate marriage. And her heart whispered "Yes," while judgment and womanly pride sternly forbade.

"It will be but a little time, my darling," she said "that we have to wait."

"It will be an age," he returned bitterly. "And what if in the meantime I should permit my fancy to wander to another."

"I would kill her!"

He shrank from the set teeth and blazing eyes—saw that her nature was as deeply, terribly jealous as his own, and hastened to extinguish the fierce fire he had unthinkingly kindled. But he had learned what he would never forget—learned to use a favorite quotation in other days, to

"Beware of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on."

Day by day their conversation upon the same subject was renewed—a conversation with unsatisfied love for the burden. And at last she yielded in a measure, and a compromise was made. A party of friends were about starting upon a long journey. She wished to go with them. Would he follow or accompany them, so as to be ever near her?

"Whither do you go?" he questioned with a touch of sullenness.

"First to San Francisco, then to Europe."

"And," he asked with a brightening face, "if I go with you to the Golden City, shall I find my reward there?"

She understood what he meant, smiled sweetly upon him, laid her hand in his, and the compact was sealed with their lips that, as soon they landed, they should be made one.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

A hand-organ man was making his way up Adams avenue yesterday, when a boy met him and asked:

"How many tunes do you play?"

"Sixteen shunes—nice sweet shunes," replied the man.

"My father is fond of music, but he is a little deaf," continued the boy.

"Oh, dat makes no difference—I makes him hear."

The boy led the way up the street to where a plaster-bust of Sir Isaac Newton had been arranged in a bay window to look like a living man, and the Italian spat on his hand and began on the crank. He ground out all the tunes in rotation, and then began at the bottom and ground back up his scale till he got all the tunes in the garret of the box again. The man in the bay-window didn't move a hair, and the organ-grinder drew a long breath and sighed:

"I'll play moar museek—I'll mak-a him hear soon."

He ran out eight tunes, and then threw some gravel at the window. The bust didn't even work its ears, and the Italian leaned the organ on the fence and loudly sang:

"Oh! who shall drinks of me som mear
When I am far a w-a-y?"

The seven other tunes were rattled off at a lively pace, while the man coughed, whistled, kicked on the fence and encouraged a dog-fight, in order to attract the deaf man's attention.

"Sing louder—play harder!" called the boy from the next street-corner.

The grinder secured a brace for his feet, unbuttoned his vest, and the way he roared brought out the citizens by the score. He kept his eyes on the bust and gave no heed to the crowd, and the organ-box was smoking hot when he let up on the grind. Resting the music on the ground, he jumped over the fence and got a square look at his victim. His quiet grin quickly faded into a look of woe and misery and murder, and, getting his eyes on a boy with a red necktie, he ran him four blocks and under a carpenter-shop before a still small voice whispered that he had better hold on.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN ARM OR A LIFE, OR A FRONTIER DUEL.*

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MNE MOSYNE.

It was a gala day when Richard Thornton brought his young and pretty wife to "Wolverine Diggins." No woman—at least none deserving the name—had ever been seen there before. The few married men had wisely left their spouses in the security of home, to toil, "make their pile," and return to enjoy life amid civilization.

The country was new, could scarcely have been said to be explored, and the glowing accounts of the wealth to be dug from the bowels of the earth had attracted bad as well as rude men—the veriest scum of a floating mining population, who were ready to take every chance and scruple at nothing to become the possessors of gold. Claims were "jumped" and men found murdered with a recklessness that told how feeble was the arm of the law. The town had sprung up as a mushroom. Gaming was the constant recreation, spiced with drinking and quarrels, and no one had ever died a natural death—died any other way than the sudden one glossed by the meaning term "with their boots on," and been buried with little more than barbarous rites.

Very much comment was consequently made when Richard Thornton introduced a fair young bride into the midst of such heterogeneous and hostile elements. The elders shook their heads and prophesied evil, and the younger were moved with envy and jealousy, and some of the worst fired with the passion of possession.

A quiet, reticent, hard-working man was Thornton, and one who looked to the future. He had not married and brought his wife there without calculating the chances. He had seen that much money was to be made by opening a boarding-house, that it would be better than mining—though he would join the two—and that but a little time would be required to gain a needful wealth to enable him to return to the States, purchase a home, and settle down in comfort.

"Such a face as yours, Bessie," he had said to his wife when they talked over the matter, "will be the loadstone that will draw. Our house will be filled to overflowing, and in a year or two we can turn our backs upon the country with well-filled pockets."

Bessie Thornton was a brave little, red-cheeked, black-eyed beauty. She believed in her strong-armed, true-hearted husband as she did in Heaven, and would have gone with him dauntlessly to the North Pole had he proposed the journey. But she knew very little of the dangers that would surround her—was ambitious to "get ahead in the world"—knew literally nothing of the baseness of mankind when in a state of semi-outlawism—in fact, never entertained any fears of the result. If she had, the notion as to "Wolverine Diggings" would have banished them.

Upon the day of her arrival all work was suspended, and she was greeted with an ovation. Boots were cleansed from the mud of months, and new red-flannel shirts sported—an unheard-of occurrence. The entire population of the town called at Thornton's cabin, and many forced upon the bride nuggets of value. There was such a spasm of generosity as had never before been known. The coming of an angel would not have produced a greater excitement, or a white-robed and white-winged messenger have been more worshiped, and her health was drunk such numberless times that a perfectly sober man was a rara-avis when evening came.

But the town soon settled again into something like its normal quiet, though the effect of pure womanhood remained. It was visible in dress, manners and conversation, even in the gaming-houses, and screens took the place of open doors, and the windows were curtained at night. The house of Thornton was filled to overflowing. First, one addition had to be builded, and then another, as the cooking of the young wife became famous, and money became with them as "plenty as dirt."

Early and late the young couple worked for the end they had in view, but much of the time was passed by Thornton in his claim—one that yielded largely, especially after he had been able to obtain help from the "Bay" for the house. And very happy was Bessie. If life was laborious, it was running very smoothly with her, and no wife was ever more truly or deeply loved or tenderly protected. Undemonstrative in public, he lavished the wealth of his heart upon Bessie when they were alone, and she learned the man as the world little dreamed of—the strength of character, the firmness of purpose, and the terrible anger that laid dormant, and, if slow to be aroused, would, when quickened into action, be volcanic in its fire and force.

And many a man would have been insanely jealous had he seen his wife petted as Bessie was. She walked a queen among the rude men, and could have purchased the majority, body and soul, for a simple kiss. But though naturally a trifle coquettish and fond of admiration, she was true to the very core of her heart, and would have fled shrieking from the suspicion of moral leprosy, as she did from the huge mountain-rattlesnakes that now and then squirmed hideously across her path. Yet, though the safeguard from even insult that ever surrounds pure womanhood was hers, her innocence of the baseness of some men with whom she was thrown into daily association made her far more free than she would otherwise have been, and gave a theme for idle tongues.

Of this neither she nor her husband knew anything—had not the slightest suspicion that her beauty and pleasant greetings and sociability were canvassed in gaming-house and saloon—that she was even basely made the subject of bets. Yet so it was, and under the excitement of discussion and drink one of the most reckless exclaimed:

"I'll wager a dozen ounces that I kiss her before to-morrow night."

"You, Tom Scott!" was answered by his opponent. "She wouldn't let you kiss the ground after she had walked over it."

"You think so, do you? Well, put up or shut up! I know what I am talking about."

"Dick Thornton would kill you if he even found out what you were saying."

"Bosh! He is nothing but a great lout; don't appreciate the beauty of his wife, don't deserve her; and, if I should happen to strike it rich, he may wake up some morning and find her missing."

"You talk like a fool, Tom. It's the barking dogs that never bite, and Dick Thornton isn't one of that kind. I've seen such quiet men before, and it's a word and a blow with them, and the blow comes first."

"You're barking up the wrong tree this time. No one ever saw him with a pistol or in a fight. He always runs away from danger."

"And will be the worse if aroused."

"Anyhow, if you dare bet, I'll agree to kiss the handsome Bessie before the sun goes down to-morrow."

"Done, for a couple of slugs. But I warn you that you might about as well put your head into the mouth of a grizzly bear when robbed of her cubs as to wake up Dick Thornton."

"Never you fear. I know what I am talking about, and I don't believe madam will make any fuss about being kissed by a good-looking young fellow like me. Anyhow, I shall try it."

"And think all the rocks in the canon have tumbled upon your head. That woman hasn't got such a pair of snapping black eyes for nothing, you bet; and Dick Thornton is as strong as a buffalo and savage as a jaguar when aroused."

Tom Scott, a young, devil-may-care, "gay gambolier," made no reply. He was a boarder at Thornton's, had the run of the house, and, pleading indisposition, lingered there the remainder of the day, receiving much sympathy and attention from Bessie.

"Poor fellow," she said. "It is very bad to be sick so far away from home, without anyone to take care of him," and she placed a pillow upon a lounge, and prepared and brought him delicate dishes.

It was rare enjoyment for him to be so petted, and he would fain have lingered. But night brought with it duties at the table where the fickle goddess was blindly worshiped, and he must tear himself away. Besides, the husband would be at home, and his little game come to an end, and he be driven from his Eden even while the tempting Eve remained.

"I hope you feel better," said Bessie Thornton, bringing him a cup of tea just as the twilight was deepening.

"Yes, thank you, all but my head. It feels as if it was splitting," was the reply.

"Let me bathe it with cool water," and the sympathetic heart set the hands in motion, and her lips pityingly questioned "If it was not a relief."

"It is heavenly! But how shall I thank you for your kindness? Let me do so thus."

The head of Bessie was bent over him, was near his face, his arms were thrown backward, and it was but the work of an instant to draw her down and leave the pressure of his lips upon hers.

She drew back with a look of intense agony—such a look of speechless horror as might have come to her had she been stung by a noxious serpent. He endeavored to laugh it off as a joke, telling her "that no bee could resist the temptation of sipping honey from such clover-blossoms." Tearless, but with her eyes burning like red-hot coals, with her face crimsoned by shame, with every nerve trembling, she escaped to her own room, where he dared not follow. There was a spice of the devil in her looks that told him the experiment would have been a dangerous one had she been armed. Yet he fancied she would not tell her husband, and, loitering into the gaming-house, he met his companion and loudly boasted of having won the wager.

"And what did she do?" was asked.

"Oh, pretended astonishment, of course. It's the way with women. But I knew she liked it just as well as I did."

"Liar!" was thundered in his ears, a heavy blow felled him to the floor, and Richard Thornton stood over him, glaring as a tiger.

It needed no second blow to silence that boasting tongue. The hand, nerved of late, had been as iron, and Scott was picked up senseless, with blackened eyes and bleeding face, and carried away.

"You will have to give satisfaction for this," said one of his fellows to Thornton, who stood with folded arms and compressed lips.

"At any time, at any place, with any weapons," he answered as he turned coolly upon his heel and walked away.

For a week Thornton heard nothing from his antagonist, then came a challenge. Public opinion set so strongly in favor of the husband that Scott dared not attempt to obtain revenge in any other manner. The cartel was glanced at, and the stern response given:

"To-morrow morning, at daylight, by the big redwood that was splintered by lightning—the weapons, bowie-knives. Each to be accompanied by a single friend."

"And surgeon?"

"There will be no need of one. There is to be a fight to the death!"

The man stared at him and departed, and Thornton re-entered his house. But he told his wife nothing of what he was about to do. He had calculated well the chances, and, seeking a friend upon whom he could rely, he requested his assistance.

"Fight, and with Tom Scott?" was the astonished exclamation. "You must be couting death, Dick? He is a noted duellist, has been principal, as well as second, in more than one affair of the kind, and can drive a nail with his bullet every time."

"He'll drive no bullet through me. We fight with bowie-knives!"

"Worse and worse!"

"Yes, worse for him."

"You surely cannot expect to escape?"

"With life I shall, but I shall lose an arm."

"I would I could persuade you from this desperate encounter. Think of your wife."

"I have thought of her. Man! man! would you drive me to distraction?" The rest of the sentence was so broken as to be unintelligible.

Finding it impossible to shake his resolution, his friend made all requisite preparations, and in the gray of morning the two men met in deadly conflict, but with far different feelings swaying their hearts—one was to battle for the honor of his wife, the other to cover a base deed with the blood of revenge.

But the scene was very different from what Thornton had expected. The secret had not been kept, and the sides of the canon were crowded with spectators to the majority of whom the strife was of little more sympathy than if beasts, and not human beings, had met to do murder.

An oppressive stillness reigned. Very few words were spoken, few preliminaries to be arranged. Both men were stripped of all encumbering clothing, but a sneer curled the thin lips of Scott as he saw his antagonist (and wondered what it could mean) wind silk handkerchief after handkerchief about his left arm, until it appeared cumbered with them.

"You are mighty particular," he said with an oath. "Let me advise you to go home and have your wife roll you up in pink cotton and sprinkle you with cologne-water;" and he laughed tauntingly and recklessly.

That dear name was all that was necessary to fire the heart of Richard Thornton, even had it been ice before. His eyes flamed and his lips pressed upon his teeth, so as to be almost painful, as he hissed from between them:

"Better make your peace with God than to be indulging in idle words."

Both stepped forward, armed with one of the most deadly weapons ever invented by man. Foot was braced against foot, eye was fixed upon eye, and ear strained to catch the word.

"One—two—three—strike!"

Two glittering weapons flashed with lightning rapidity in the first sunlight of the morning, there was a heavy thud as when an axe strikes into the heart of a tree, a heavy fall, and Richard Thornton stood quivering with a knife deeply driven into and splitting hand and wrist, and his antagonist lay at his feet, with his head half severed from the body. The words of the victor had been prophetic. He had lost an arm—had thrust it as a shield before him, received the terrible blow, but saved his life.

* The incidents given of the duel are strictly in accordance with an actual occurrence with which the writer was familiar.

PERHAPS it makes but little difference if the word "obey" is omitted from the marriage service.

JUNE ROSES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Soon in the blossoming closes
The land will be red with roses;
And the white rose, the queen rose,
With her sweet, modest face uplifted,
Like a stalk whereon snow has drifted,
Shall nod to her gorgeous sister,
Red where the sun has kissed her,
Blushing with love for the South wind
That sweeps over indolent closes,
And, fainting with amorous caresses
Of flowers, which his hot lip presses,
Swoons in the breath of the roses.

Of the perfumed, the tender roses,
The bed whereon Love reposes,
And the wild rose of the wildwood,
Sweet, with the sweetness of childhood,
Bright with the sunshine which hovers
Tenderly over the lovers,
Shall lull him to rest with embraces
Where fern-leaf and brake interlaces;
Hiding her blush in the coverts—
Dreaming a dream of the closes,
Till the south wind, tenderly smothered,
There, where it lingering hovered,
Dies in the heart of the roses.

E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

BY THE SAD SEA-WAVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

Walking along the white sands of Coney Island, I saw him occasionally stop, pick up a clam-shell and throw it into the sad sea-waves. I did not need to be told that he was a philanthropist. It made itself apparent to me from his face, his figure and his clothing. Goodness beamed through the green glasses that covered his eyes, and gentleness hung about the lines of his mouth. His voice pumped up tender tones and said to me:

"How full of grandeur is this scene!"

I looked along the barren beach, and then out onto the waters, where the Jersey shore is visible, and other foreign countries lie hidden from view. And then I answered:

"It is, indeed!"

"And yet," he mused, stooping to pick up a shell—"and yet it fills me with sadness when I reflect that here, in the face of the mighty ocean, where the bracing breezes blow and nature offers such glorious recreation, there should be sharks lying in wait for those whom they may devour."

"Sharks!" I repeated in amazement.

"Yes, my young friend, sharks. Not of the piscatorial type, but of a much more dangerous character. Sharks who walk over these sands in the shape of men—land-sharks!"

"I see," said I.

"This very day," he continued, "have I been beset by one of these monsters. I was wandering alone on the upper part of the island, listening to the murmur of the waves, when I was accosted by the said shark. He invited me to join in a little game, which was played with three cards, and called, I think, monkey."

"Monte," I interposed.

"You are right," returned the Philanthropist. "It was monte. I am a stranger to such things, and it is not surprising that I mistake the name. Well, I listened to the voice of the siren—that is, to the voice of the shark—and I was lost. So was the five dollars which I wagered. The shark was positive that I could not tell where the card with the picture of a woman ——"

"The queen," I interrupted.

"You are right—the queen. He was confident, I say, that I could not tell where the queen was I was confident that I could. Our individual confidences amounted to five dollars each. And—and I lost!"

"That was unfortunate," said I. "But three-card-monte is a very deceitful game."

"It is, indeed," answered the Philanthropist. "And my indignation towards that shark rose to such a pitch that I came very near strangling him. As it was he took to his heels, dropping his cards as he ran." Afterwards I picked them up, and—and I have them here!"

As he spoke he drew forth from the inner pocket of his coat a nine-spot of diamonds, deuce of hearts and queen of spades.

"There is some satisfaction in getting hold of the implements of evil," I remarked.

"There is, indeed—but there was no satisfaction in knowing how to use those implements. It leads only to wretchedness and misery. Nevertheless, since I came into possession of these cards I have been practicing—merely for my own amusement, you understand—the manner in which the shark threw them. I am convinced that it was owing to the skilful, or perhaps I should say to the deceitful, way in which he handled them that I lost my money."

By this time the Philanthropist and I had reached a spot on the island where visitors seldom go. The crowd we had left behind, and, feeling somewhat wearied with our long walk, we sat down upon the ruins of a bathing-house, which the waves had washed up on the beach. There, with the cards in his hand, my companion began to explain to me what he thought he understood about the game of three-card-monte.

"It was in some such way as this," he said, "that the shark threw the cards." Whereupon he made a very bungling effort to imitate the manipulations of a professional player.

"I fear," said I, "that you would have to be more dextrous than that in order to deceive anyone."

"But I have no wish to deceive anyone," he answered. "I am practicing this sinful game for a purpose—a noble and philanthropic purpose." Here he again threw the cards, with even less of success than before. "If I could become an adept at this game, I would spend my leisure hours in wandering up and down the beach here, warning others against the tribe of sharks. I would fire show them how certain they are to lose their money, and then, having won it, I would restore it to them, together with a little wholesome advice. In this way I should accomplish a world of good—I should save others from losses similar to that which I have suffered myself."

During this speech the Philanthropist continued to pick up and throw down the cards, making very little progress, however, in skilful manipulation.

"You see that I am improving," he said, "and that in a short time I shall be able to deceive the sharpest eyes. Do you think that you could pick out the queen now yourself?"

I did as he desired without a moment's hesitation. The experiment was repeated half a dozen times, and as often I selected the winning card.

"I am afraid, sir," I said laughingly, "if you were to put up your money on your skill it would prove a very expensive amusement."

"And yet," he rejoined, throwing the cards again, "if it were not for my conscientious scruples against betting, I would be willing to wager you ten dollars that you cannot pick up the queen!"

"My dear sir," I answered, "I am myself morally opposed to betting, and yet I am half-tempted to accept your offer, simply to show you how sadly mistaken you are."

"If this wager is made at all," he remarked quietly, "it will be on my part, at least, from philanthropic motives." And with that he drew out a ten-dollar bill.

"Let it be understood, then," I returned, "from philanthropic motives!" And thereupon I covered his wager.

"Now, then," said he, "which is the queen?"

My eye had been fixed upon the card all along. Indeed, a small black spot on one corner enabled me to identify it with as much certainty as though the face had been turned up.

"Which is the queen?" repeated the Philanthropist.

"This!" said I, lifting the card with the spot.

It was the nine-spot of diamonds!

Quietly my companion slid off of the bathing-house, and made his way again along the white sands of Coney Island, and as for myself, when I came to enter the expenses of that day in my journal, I put down, along with the clam-roast and lager, this item: "To Philanthrophy, $10."

MOLIÈRE'S FIRST APPEARANCE BEFORE LOUIS XIV.—His and his company's first appearance before Louis was on the 24th of October, 1658, at the Louvre, in Corneille's "Nicomede." They were completely successful, especially the ladies. But Moliere was too wise to enter into a rivalry with the Hotel de Bourgogne in the representation of serious plays, for which its company was so much better trained than his, that had performed little else than comedy; so when the performance was ended, he advanced to the front and thanked his majesty for the goodness with which he had excused the faults of those who had only appeared trembling before so august an assembly, and that the desire they had of having the honor to divert the greatest King in the world had rendered them forgetful that his majesty had in his service some excellent originals of whom they were only very weak copies; but that, since he had been willing to countenance them, he entreated very humbly that they might be permitted to give one of those divertisements in which they had acquired some reputation in the provinces. Such permission was accorded, and he selected one of those petite comedies, after the style of the Italian, which had achieved much success in Languedoc: it was called "Le Docteur Amoreux." The style was new, and the piece and the acting of Moliere were so good that the King gave orders that he and his company should establish themselves in Paris. "Le Doctor Amoreux" and several other pieces of the same kind are now lost, never having been printed; but there is no doubt that all that was good in them was subsequently worked into his existing comedies. Moliere's first theatre was Le Petit Bourbon, at the Louvre; but in 1660 he went to the Palais Royal, and his company took the name of Les Comediens de Monsieur.—*Temple Bar*

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

A. S. B., Pittsburg.—The case cited by you last week, and that of the Covington Stars and Cincinnati Reds in 1875, are not identical. The latter is as if a crowd had rushed upon the ground and broken up the game, or as if the captain had asked the umpire to call game after seven or eight innings had been played, when it was yet hours from darkness, and there was no rain or prospect of rain. The score might have been 40 to 5, but bets on the result would have nevertheless been drawn. Had but *one* captain demanded the calling of the game, the umpire would then have had to *give a decision*, and might or might not have called the game. When both captains made the demand, the umpire was stripped of his powers as such, and could give no decision, as he could not force the captains to continue playing. The game was then ended, and his deciding it to be so was unnecessary, except as matter of habit. The peculiar facts apparent in 1875, and which guided us in our decision then, have not been put before us by you in May, 1877. Therein lies the seeming conflict of decisions. And now, for the purpose of satisfying you that we applied no new principle to the settlement of your case, we quote a decision rendered before that game was played, and which appears in THE CLIPPER of August 7, 1875: "C. A. J. M., Ashland.—A bets B that C Club would beat D Club 2 to 1. The game was played with nine innings on each side. When the game was a tie, 11 to 11, both clubs agreed to quit. C and D who wins, A or B? ..... The two clubs *having mutually agreed to abandon the contest*, the bet is a draw, for this reason: Had they played one or more innings, the score *might* have been 22 or more to 11. The case differs from that in which the umpire (of his own volition) calls game because of rain or darkness." Decision of August 14, 1875: As to the Cincinnati Reds and Covington Stars game of Aug. 31, 1875, we now quote from the CLIPPER of Sept. 11, following: "E. C. W. K.—The game having been called *at the request of both captains*, it was *mutually abandoned*, and bets on the result are drawn. Had darkness or rain *forced* the calling of the game [by the umpire], without the intervention of the captains], who bet that the Reds would win by 2 to 1, would have lost, the score being 5 to 3." Again, in CLIPPER of Sept. 18: "H. H. M., Cincinnati.—That game was not really called. It was *abandoned*, both captains agreeing to quit. The fact that the umpire may have subsequently *formally* called the game is of no weight"—for the reason that he could not have forced the contest to play after they had agreed to quit. Finally, as to the fact of the case, our report of the match said: "At the end of the twelfth inning play was suspended by the umpire at the *request of the captains*."

RICHMOND, Va.—"1. Man on first base, playing to make his second; the batter strikes a fly-ball, and the same is muffed. Is he compelled to return and retouch first base before running for second, or can he keep on, or, if the ball be caught, must he then return and touch base? 2. If batter has had two strikes, the umpire calls third without the ballpeg struck in, the batter stands at his position and is touched by catcher, is he out or not? Batter says he cannot be put out in such case unless the umpire first warns him of the third fair ball by calling 'Good ball.' Who is right? 3. Batter had three strikes, the catcher muffs the ball, and while the man is running to first base he is struck by the throw the catcher makes. Is the batter out, or not? 4. Can the base-runner be put out by a ball that strikes him when it is thrown? ..... 1. If the ball be caught, he must return and touch the base he left when the ball was hit. If it is not caught, he is not required to return. 2. The batter is right. 3. Not out. 4. Yes.

OSCEOLA.—"1. Supposing there were three bases filled, the man at the bat strikes out, the catcher drops the ball on purpose, then touches the home plate, and then throws the ball to first base and puts both baseman and striker out. Can the runner at third be counted out when the ball is missed on purpose? 2. There is a man on a base, and the pitcher, instead of delivering the ball, pitches it to the base. Cannot this be counted as a balk? ..... 1. The "missed on purpose" has nothing to do with it. The only question the umpire has to deal with in such a case is whether the ball was caught. It momentarily settled in the hands, it is a catch. If not held at all, but purposely missed, it is not a catch. In the former case the striker is out on the catch; in the latter he is not out. 2. No.

E. A. W., Milwaukee.—"1. A bets B that Stars win the game in first five innings. 2 A bets B that Stars win the game in three innings. 3. A bets B that Stars win the game in three innings, which he will select out of the nine. When nine innings were played the score stood: Stars, 4; Milwaukees, 4; and then it was mutually agreed to call the game a draw, and it was announced by the umpire. The runs were all made in the first five innings." ..... 1. A loses. 2. No innings having been specified in this bet, the mutual abandonment of the game takes the bet off. 3. A having contracted to select three innings out of nine, the playing of nine innings clinched this bet, and A loses.

H. U., Chicago.—1. A copyright protects the exact language of the play, and the title, if it is original. 2. No; the penalties are recovered by civil suit, but the person offending would be held to bail; and if an execution was issued against him, he could be imprisoned in default of payment. An unauthorized sale or performance of a copyrighted play can be stopped by injunction. 3. It would be fraud to change the title of such a play, and to sell or perform it, and the person so offending could be punished.

D. P., Boston.—The meaning of the bet, the intent of the bettors, was that one club would do as well in the first four innings as the other in the last five. A wins. B might as well claim that a score of 0 to 0 would make a draw of it if he had bet that one club would make no runs to the other's one. That no runs were made does not invalidate the bet in either case.

LOOKER ON VENUS, Brooklyn.—1. The city or town clerk of each town in which you exhibit will inform you about the licenses. They differ materially in various localities. 2. There is no United States license now. 3. Sometimes the hall is licensed by the year, but all is at last a case. In some places there are stringent laws against gift enterprises, which are prohibited under severe penalties.

M. F.—It was announced that the five-act play by Franklin File, entitled "Three Days," which was first produced on any stage at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., April 9 last, was original. It was successful enough to run two weeks. Cannot give you the author's address.

CONSTANT READER.—"The striker was at the bat. He hit a high foul ball, which rebounded from the catcher's hands and rolled into the field. The ball was picked up and thrown to first base to put the striker out. Was he out?" ..... No; the ball was not batted directly to first base, and therefore did not become an exception to the old rule.

L. A. K.—"A bets B that the fastest mile run was under 1:40. Who wins?" ..... This probably means by a horse. If the bet was made prior to Ten Broeck's record performance on Thursday, May 24, B wins. If after that race, A wins, as therein Ten Broeck reduced the record from 1:43¼ to 1:39½.

N. F. F.—1. At casino a player can take in all four aces with little cassino by calling each pair two. 2. Two aces and two deuces can in the same way be taken by a tray. 3. Cards can be claimed, in "counting out," as soon as a player has so many that it is not possible for any of his antagonists to equal that number.

TAF, Taunton.—1. Certainly, bets go with the umpire's decision. In leaving the field the Fall River nine lose by a score of 9 to 0, even though the actual score was 20 to 0 in their favor. 2. Three months' CLIPPERS will be forwarded for money sent.

LORA, Utica.—No. At fifteen-ball pool it is permissible to play a push-shot. Such a shot as you describe would be almost certainly foul, as the player could with difficulty avoid hitting the cue-ball twice or oftener. Otherwise it would be fair, whether made with butt or point of cue.

PHILADELPHIA.—A could call out as soon as he had counted enough to make him game, including the "sticking peg," simply because the game (pinochle) was being counted on a cribbage-board, could not affect his rights, unless he "stuck his peg" in a hole short of his full number.

BUCKSQUIB.—I would think that she is still a "professional." We do not undertake to trace the whereabouts of professionals when they are not performing. 2. There is such a paper published, and it is sold by special carriers. Cannot say where it is published.

J. F. F., Beaver Falls.—1. Mrs. Hoey seceded from Wallack's Theatre April 22, 1864. 2. "Rosedale" was first produced on any stage at Wallack's Theatre Sept. 30, 1863. Lester Wallack acted Elliot Gray, and Mrs. Hoey Lady May. It was never acted at Wallack's Old Theatre.

H. H. H., Philadelphia.—1. The Athletic baseball club's pitcher in the game in which the Forest City nine of Rockford defeated the Washington Nationals at Chicago, in July, 1865. He had afterwards played with the Rockford professional nine, and then went to Boston in 1871.

H. A. T., Louisville.—If you will put your question in more definite form, we will endeavor to answer you. You certainly cannot desire to know the individual salaries of all the actors outside of this city, as well as those here.

SANDS, Pittsburg.—The comedy of "David Garrick," as performed by Mr. Sothern and others, is published, and can be purchased of R. M. De Witt, 33 Rose street, this city.

F. L. C.—1. A band of crape is all that a civilian wears. 2. Good taste requires that the clothes should not be light, where the circumstances of the individual will permit a dark material for gentlemen to wear.

P. AND M., Galveston.—The value of straights should be agreed upon before beginning play. In some coteries they will beat three of a kind; in most they will beat but two pair.

NO SIGNATURE.—He cannot go alone on the trump turned down, unless, having said that he would go alone on it, he brought down the trump because he had done so high enough without it.

A. P., St. Louis.—The Boston and Athletic Clubs went to England in 1874. They played games with each other only. All the games are recorded in "De Witt's Baseball Guide" for 1875.

J. H., Wheeling.—1. He must not run in front of the foul-line in running to first base, no matter what the character of the fair hit ball may be, whether admitting of one, two or three bases. 2. No; they must run all the way back.

ARMISTEAD, Brooklyn.—1. A Cabinet officer is in the Presidency of the United States. 2. This is not a Government of any particular religious creed. 3. Jew and Christian alike can sit in the English Parliament.

A SUFFERER.—It can be recovered by legal process only; and, as you would have to consult a lawyer in any event, you will save time by consulting him at the outset.

C. H. L., Baltimore.—1. The mark worn by Mr. Thayer was made for his own use. 2. Address Hegge & Kiffe, who advertise.

NEWARK.—It is not customary, when counting but one point for a shot, to reckon one for a miss at four-ball billiards.

R. H. H.—1. The Amazon. 2. It depends upon the nature of the decline. Consult a physician, and so avoid error and unnecessary expense.

DEACON JONES, Ogden.—1. Richard Ten Broeck took American horses to England about twenty years ago. 2. The horse Ten Broeck is but five years old.

L. W. P., Geneseo.—He wins whose mark was nearest the score at the end of the fifth inning. The addition of the game as recorded is the score for the purpose of the pool.

C. H. L., Chicago.—A non-professional lady of Hartford, Ct., who does not care to have her name given to the public.

N. O. G., St. Louis.—No answers by mail. We are not aware that he is in this city. A letter addressed in care of this office should reach him.

LOWELL.—A having bet that the Lowells would beat the Live Oaks two to one, and the score being 2 to 0 in a game of five innings or more, A wins.

OYSTER SUPPER.—Having been ordered up, the dealer is debarred from going alone. The most he can possibly make is two points.

OLD SCHUYLKILL, Louisville.—We cannot sit in judgment on the motives of individuals. Steer clear of all such schemes.

JOSEPH H., Chicago.—When Mr. Sothern acted in your city, in January last, Miss Linda Dietz was the leading lady who supported him.

BIG HIT.—1. Harrigan & Hart are the sole lessees of the Theatre Comique, this city. 2. Miss Fanny Davenport is the daughter of E. L. Davenport. 3. It is the same lady.

E. W. S., Boston.—1. Three deuces, a tray and a four count fifteen-nine by sequences and six by pairs. 2. Mag. Pie Mitchell never resided permanently in Scituate, Mass.

OLD FRIEND.—1. We do not discuss religious creeds. 2. Yes; in private life she is Mrs. T. J. Martin, and about 20 years of age.

BOB, Philadelphia.—1. We keep no record of such matters. 2. It is purely a matter of opinion who is the best teacher of elocution in this country.

BEAVER, Red Bank.—1. Write to W. P. Clyde & Co., No. 6 Bowling Green, New York. 2. Do not know what the rates from Liverpool and London are.

ROBERT, Philadelphia.—Our list of deaths during the year 1876 were published in THE CLIPPER dated Jan. 6, 1877.

CLYDE.—Salaries of clog-dancers range from $20 per week upward, according to merit and reputation, and good ones are in fair demand.

COUNTRY READER.—Apply to Chamberlain & Wellmann, 39 East Thirteenth street, New York. The music is published for the piano, and they can furnish you with it.

DECLINED.—"Moe Ma, Darling, in the Dell." "She Looked Just Like an Angel." "Saved Again." "Colored Jim and Joe."

THE MULLEN-WARD TWINS, Boston.—The act you describe has been performed on the variety stage for more than one year by a great many performers.

CONSTANT READER, Montreal.—Choice men are always acceptable. Address Commandant Navy yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

P. S. F., Somerville.—Certainly not. The time for C to raise it was when he hited it. When D filled, and A and B passed, the blind was passed.

F. L. K.—The Soldene Troupe are now on their way to San Francisco, Cal., where they open a season June 4, at the California Theatre.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—We cannot undertake to advertise business firms in this department.

LOOKER ON, Brooklyn.—1. The city or town clerk of each town in which you exhibit will inform you about the licenses. They differ materially in various localities. 2. There is no United States license now. 3. Sometimes the hall is licensed by the year, but all is in all cases

THE EPSOM DERBY.—The great race for the "Blue Ribband" of the English turf, the Epsom Derby, will be run to-morrow (Wednesday, May 30). The latest betting shows that the French colt Chamant, who won the Dewhurst and Middle Park Plates last year, and the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes at Newmarket recently, is the favorite, his latest quoted price being 6 to 4 against him, and in many instances even money has been bet on his winning. Rob Roy second favorite, at 6 to 1 against him. Pellegrino stands next, and Brown Prince fourth in the quotations. Mr. Sanford's colt (who ran second to Chamant for the Two Thousand Guineas) has been backed for a place—first, second or third —at 3 to 1. A cable-dispatch last week states that he is well, and his trainer, Charles Littlefield, confident. He was backward in condition in the Guineas race, and considerable improvement will be made in him for the Derby.

AMATEUR JOCKEY CLUB.—The meeting of the Gentlemen's Amateur Jockey Club of Newark, N. J., was held at Waverly Park May 23. The first race was for a purse of $150, for horses that had not been in a professional training-stable for six months prior to the day of the race; half-mile heats, catch-weights. Four horses came to the post, mounted by their amateur owners, the winner turning up in Mr. W. M. Littell's c. g. Dandelion; time, 53½sec., 53½sec., 54sec. A protest was lodged by Dimity's owner against Dandelion on the ground that he was a professional racehorse, and the judges deferred their opinion of the race. The second race—a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for a post-stakes sweepstakes—was won by Mr. W. M. Littell's g. m. Mournful; time, 1:28. Another race of mile heats, for a purse of $200, welter-weights of 275, was won in two heats by W. M. Littell's c. f. Sister of Mercy; time, 1:59, 1:52½.

TROTTING AT CLIFTON PARK, N. J.—Two trots were announced to take place at Clifton Park, N. J., May 26, which attracted a fair attendance, but the weather proved to be had never beaten 2:40, for a purse of $150, mile heats, three in five, in harness, the winner taking $75, second $50, and third horse $25. The race was won in three straight heats by Cole's b. m. Martha, beating Manee's g. g. William (second) and Gallagher's b. g. Chance. Time, 2:50½, 2:47½, 2:50. The second race was a match for $200, mile heats, in harness, between J. Parshley's b. m. Nellie Moffett and J. Terrence's b. m. Bella Aberdeen. The former won in two straight heats in 2:52, 2:52½.

AT ELEETWOOD PARK, New York, on Wednesday, May 23, a match for $200, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, between R. Tuttle's b. m. Sarah Jane and T. Butler's b. m. Lovely B., was trotted. Sarah Jane proved the winner after four heats. Time, 2:44½, 2:43½, 2:43½, 2:44, 2:45½. A second match between the same horses for a similar stake, but this time in harness, was trotted on the same track May 25, and with the same result, Sarah Jane winning easily in three straight heats. Time, 2:43, 2:46½, 2:42½.

A TEN-MILE TROT, for $500, to wagon, was contested by F. J. Hilliard's g. g. Lancaster Boy and Woodbury Locke's c. g. Kenoza Boy, at Granite State Park, Dover, N. H., May 19. The former led up to the third mile, when he allowed the Boy to pass him, but, coming across in the fifth mile was entered upon, he again assumed the lead, which he retained until the finish, winning easily in 34:40½, with nearly a minute to spare.

HARTFORD, the promising and highly bred two-year-old colt by Bonnie Scotland, sire Dutch by Highlander, met his death very suddenly at Jerome Park on Monday, May 21. He was being galloped along with others of Eph. Snedeker's horses when he suddenly swerved, jumped the rails, fell heavily, and died instantly, his jockey escaping without injury. He belonged to Mr. R. Chew of Baltimore.

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

LEAGUE CLUBS.

May 29, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
May 29, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Dayton (exhibition).
May 30, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
May 31, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
May 31, St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
May 31, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
June 2, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
June 2, St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
June 2 and 5, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston.

OTHER CLUB GAMES.

May 29, Tecumseh vs. Boston, at Boston.
May 29, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.
May 29, Buckeye vs. Geneseo, at Geneseo, N. Y.
May 29, Actives vs. Volunteer, at Poughkeepsie.
May 29, Mutual vs. Resolute, at Capitoline Grounds.
May 29, Brooklyn vs. Hudson, at Prospect Park.
May 29, Eagle vs. Knickerbocker, at Harlem.
May 29, Irving vs. Metropolitan, at Irvington.
May 29, June 1, Marshalltown vs. Cedar Rapids, at C. R., Ia.
May 29, Athletic vs. Hartford, at Hartford.
May 29, Athletic of Hartford, at Brookfield.
May 30, Germantown vs. Juniors, at Germantown.
May 30, Arlington of Tompkinsville vs. Mohawk, at S. I.
May 30, Alpha vs. Rose Hill, at Prospect Park.
May 30, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Union Ground.
May 30, Cricket vs. Livingston, at Binghamton.
May 30, Alert of Greenpoint vs. Athletic, at Prospect Pk.
May 30, Brooklyn vs. Orange, at Orange.
May 30, Lowell vs. Harvard, at Lowell.
May 30, Germantown vs. Mutual, at Germantown.
May 30, Excelsior vs. Nassau, at Glen Cove.
May 30, Empire Club (opening day), at Rutherford Park.
May 30, Witoka vs. Active, at Wappingers Falls.
May 30, Alpha vs. Seneca, at Tottenville, S. I.
May 30, Chelsea vs. Resolute, at Elizabeth.
May 31, Boston vs. Star, of Syracuse, at Boston.
May 31, Marshalltown vs. Clinton, at Clinton, Ia.
May 31, Tecumseh vs. Manchester, at Manchester.
May 31, Indianapolis vs. Allegheny, at Allegheny City.
May 30, June 2, 5, 25, 30, Star vs. Actives, at Auburn.
May 31, Harmonia vs. Erie, at Harmonia, N. Y.
May 31, Auburn vs. Maple Leaf, at Auburn.
May 31, Knickerbocker Junior vs. Jasper, at Manhat'tle.
May 31, June 14, 26, Rockfords vs. Rochesters, at Rochest'r.
May 31, June 2, Live Oak of Lynn vs. Rochester, at Lynn.
May 31, June 4, Mutual vs. Fairbanks, at Chicago.
May 31, Athletic vs. Hartford, at Hartford.
June 1, Philadelphia vs. Indianapolis, at Philadelphia.
June 1, Athletic vs. Hartford, at Hartford.
June 1, Star vs. Live Oak, at Lynn.
June 1, Tecumseh vs. Fall River, at Fall River.
June 1, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.
June 2, Athletic vs. Providence, at Providence.
June 2, Metacomet vs. Taunton, at Taunton.
June 2, Star vs. Lowell, at Lowell.
June 2, Tecumseh vs. Live Oak, at Lynn.
June 2, Germantown vs. Beverly, at Beverly.
June 2, Resolute vs. Orange, at Orange.
June 2, Hudson vs. Putnam, at Prospect Park.
June 2, Osceola vs. Nameless, at Prospect Park.
June 4, Cricket vs. Maple Leaf, at Binghamton.
June 4, Tecumseh vs. Yale, at New Haven.
June 4, Star vs. Manchester, at Manchester.
June 4, Indianapolis vs. Boston, at Boston.

THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP ARENA.

The first Western tour of the Eastern nines has ended, and, to the agreeable surprise of the people here, their representative nines have come out of the first series of battles of the campaign with flying colors, the Boston Club team especially marking their tour with a succession of victories over League nines, while the Hartfords, besides winning a majority of their games with League teams, and that, too, under disadvantageous circumstances, won every game they played with the strong League Alliance and International nines. It is evident that Harry Wright knows how to time in better form for regaining the lost pennant than he has had since the secession of the famous quartet of the club to Chicago. Had he placed his team when he first went to St. Louis as he did when he met the Chicagos in a quoted game, he would have had a better League game. The record of the Boston nine's tour is as follows:

May 8, St. Louis vs. Boston, at St. Louis	3 to 2
May 10, St. Louis vs. Boston, at St. Louis	6
May 11, Chicago, at Chicago	5
May 16, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago	1
May 17, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	5
May 19, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	9
May 21, Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville	5
May 22, Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville	7

Full championship record to May 22, inclusive:

	Games Won	Games Lost	Per Cent. Won	Boston	Chicago	Cincinnati	Hartford	Louisville	St. Louis
Boston	7	2	.778		2	2	0	0	1
Chicago	5	2	.714	2		0	2	0	1
Cincinnati	3	4	.429	0	2		0	1	0
Hartford	3	2	.600	1	0	2		0	0
Louisville	2	2	.500	0	1	1	1		1
St. Louis	2	5	.286	1	1	0	0	2	
Games Lost	2	5		7	3	2	2	2	23

Boston now has a lead, and it ought to be able to retain it this coming month, during the Eastern tour of the Western Clubs, for neither the Chicago or St. Louis nines are in the good form they were early in May. The Bostons meet the Hartfords for the second time this season at Boston on Saturday next, and they also play there the following Tuesday.

MODEL GAMES.

The following is the record of the model games played since our issue of May 19 and up to May 26:

May 19, Rochester vs. Rochester	1 to 0
May 16, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago	9
May 21, Hartford vs. Indianapolis, at Indianapolis	1
May 21, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	1
May 16, Lowell vs. Fall River, at Fall River	1
May 16, Buckeye vs. Springfield, at Springfield	2
May 18, Fall River vs. Rhode Island, at Providence	2
May 19, Cuyler vs. Banks vs. Elgin, at Elgin	0
May 19, Indianapolis vs. Memphis, at Indianapolis	2
May 26, Boston vs. Star, at Syracuse	2
May 26, Tecumseh vs. Maple Leaf, at Guelph	1
May 14, Athlete vs. Chelsea, at Brooklyn	2
May 15, Brooklyn vs. Orange, at Orange	2
May 19, Tecumseh vs. Maple Leaf, at Guelph	1
May 17, Hartford vs. Indianapolis, at Indianapolis	2
May 18, Indianapolis vs. Boston, at Indianapolis	1
May 18, Allegheny vs. Cricket, at Binghamton	2
May 21, Mutual vs. Springfield, at Springfield	2
May 23, Star vs. Rochester, at Rochester	1
May 22, Alaska vs. Princeton, at Princeton (11 inn.)	2
May 24, Hartford vs. Buckeye, at Columbus (12 inn.)	2
May 16, Erie vs. Live Oak, at Erie	3
May 25, Indianapolis vs. Chicago, at Indianapolis	3
May 25, Cuyler vs. Auburn, at Auburn	3
May 18, Monticello vs. Irving, at Jersey City	3
May 17, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at Chicago	2
May 18, Indianapolis vs. Buckeye, at Indianapolis	4
May 15, Hornell vs. Livingston, at Hornellsville	4
May 22, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	4
May 25, Astor vs. Hague, at Communipaw	4
May 19, West End vs. National, at St. Louis	4
May 25, Resolute vs. Resolute at Elizabeth, not finished	4
May 22, Erie vs. Athletic, at Erie	4
May 17, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	5
May 21, Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville	5
May 26, Yale vs. Havard, at New Haven	5
May 17, Era vs. Live Oak, at Erie	5
May 18, Harvard vs. Chelsea, at Brooklyn	5
May 19, Fall River vs. Rhode Island, at Providence	5
May 22, Buckeye vs. Memphis, at Columbus	5
May 19, Witoka vs. Osceola, at Brooklyn (11 inn.)	5
May 19, Maple Leaf vs. Athletic, at Guelph	5
May 23, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	5
May 24, Erie vs. Live Oak, at Erie (16 innings)	5
May 25, Buckeye vs. Live Oak, at Columbus	5
May 26, Enterprise vs. Hoboken, at Jersey City (6 in.)	6
May 25, Manchester vs. Rhode Island, at Manchester	6
May 14, Allegheny vs. Auburn, at Auburn	6
May 15, St. Louis vs. Hartford, at St. Louis	6
May 19, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	6
May 24, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis	6
May 18, Mutual vs. Brandywine, at Westchester	6
May 19, Athletic vs. Rochester, at Roch'r (6 in.)	9—6
May 26, Hartford vs. Allegheny, at Allegheny	6
May 25, West End vs. Athletic, at Rochester (10 inn.)	6
May 15, Delaware vs. Paterson Olympic, at P. Jervis	6
May 21, Athletic vs. Auburn, at Auburn	6
May 22, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	6
May 23, Yale vs. Princeton, at Princeton	6
May 24, Resolute vs. Pastime, at Gilbertson	6
May 14, Rochester vs. Live Oak, at Rochester	7
May 23, Allegheny vs. Live Oak, at Allegheny	7
May 19, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	7
May 24, Allegheny vs. Athletic, at Allegheny	7
May 18, Philadelphia vs. Keystone, at Philadelphia	7
May 19, Harvard vs. Princeton, at Harvard	7
May 11, Standard vs. Buckeye, at Wheeling	7
May 16, Louisville vs. Memphis, at Louisville	7
May 26, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	8
May 19, Rockfords vs. Hub, at Lowell	8
May 16, Yale vs. Resolute, at New Haven	8
May 19, Star vs. Allegheny, at Ithaca	8
May 24, Indianapolis vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	8
May 19, Memphis vs. Louisville, at Louisville	8
May 22, Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville	8
May 19, Winona vs. Putnam, at Brooklyn	9
May 21, Buckeye vs. Live Oak, at Columbus	9
May 23, Buckeye vs. Memphis, at Columbus	9
May 26, Defiance vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	9
May 22, Rockfords vs. Fairbanks, at Chicago	9
May 24, Louisville vs. Evansville, at Evansville	9
May 25, Fairbanks vs. Milwaukee, at Milwaukee	9
May 25, Allegheny vs. Athletic, at Allegheny	9

MANCHESTER vs. RHODE ISLAND.

A second match between the Rhode Island Club of Providence and the Manchester (N. H.) nine was contested on the latter's grounds May 25. Result:

MANCHESTER.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	RHODE ISLAND.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cogswell, lb	5	2	12	13	0	Evans, c. f.	4	0	2	2	0
Woodhed, 3b	5	2	3	1	2	Swasey, 2d b	4	0	1	5	4
O'Rourke, c	5	0	3	1	0	Pearce, s. s.	4	0	1	2	3
Day, s. s.	4	0	1	0	0	Selman, 1b	4	1	0	1	1
Clark, 2d b	5	0	1	5	2	Stone, l. f.	4	0	2	0	0
Snigr, p.	4	0	8	0	3	Carney, r. f.	3	0	1	1	0
Biggs, l.	4	0	1	1	0	Ashley, c.	3	0	7	1	1
Lanmahan, r	4	0	0	1	0	Reville, 3d b	3	0	1	0	1
Carl, c.	4	1	2	5	1	Daregan, c.	3	0	0	4	2
Totals	41	6	12	27	13	Totals	32	1	8	27	12

Manchester	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	2	0	6
Rhode Island	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1

Runs earned—Manchester, 4; Rhode Island, 1. Left on bases—Manchester, 9; Rhode Island, 6. Struck out—Rhode Island, 1; Manchester, 1. Umpire, A. C. Blaisdell.

ATHLETIC vs. PHILADELPHIA.

The Athletics and Philadelphias played in Philadelphia May 26, on the occasion of the latter's return home from their two weeks' trip. The weather was disagreeable, heavy showers falling at intervals during the afternoon, and the attendance consequently was limited, about five hundred persons in all being present. Both played the same nines as on the occasion of the previous game, the Athletics, however, reversing the result, and winning with ease, this time by a score of 8 to 1. The Philadelphias scored their solitary run in the first inning, McMullin then leading off with a good hit to right, on which he made third, thanks to Coons' error in failing to hold the ball fielded in by Reach and Shugline, and being brought home by Baker's safe hit. McMullin, Baker and Phillips afterwards made pretty two-base hits; but so sharp was the fielding that the Philadelphias failed to score after the first inning. The three above mentioned made seven of the eight clean hits credited to the Philadelphias. The Athletics made but two clean hits the first six innings, Fulmer and Shetzline being the fortunate individuals; and, aided by Malone's failure to make an easy double-play, and Birchall's wild throw, three runs were then scored. After two were out in the eighth inning of the Athletics, Weaver made a pretty hit for two bases, McGlynn, Shetzline and Reach following with single-baasers, which, with excusable errors by Connell and Jackson, yielded no fewer than four runs, and made the best hit of the game in the eighth inning, a brilliant three-baser down to the centre-field fence, but was "doubled-up" on the home-plate by the fine fielding of Jackson, Connell and Baker. Good hits by Weaver and Eggler yielded the Athletics their eighth and last run. The chief features of the game were line-catches made by Fulmer and Lomas—the former's being taken one-handed—pretty picks-up by Baker and McGlynn in the catcher's position, and good first-base play by Fisler and Connell. The umpiring was excellent.

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	PHILA.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eggler, c. f.	5	1	1	1	1	0	McMullin, c. f.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Shetzline, 2d b	5	1	2	2	4	0	Baker, c.	4	1	3	5	0	0
Reach, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	Malone, 3d b	5	0	0	0	1	2
Coons, 3d b.	4	0	1	0	1	1	Rechtel, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Fulmer, s. s.	4	0	0	1	5	0	Phillips, l. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Fisler, 1st b.	4	0	0	15	0	0	Connell, 1st b.	4	0	0	15	1	0
Weaver, p.	4	2	2	1	6	0	Birchall, 2d b	4	0	0	1	3	1
McGlynn, c.	4	1	1	6	0	1	Jackson, s. s.	3	0	0	2	6	1
							Lomas, p.	3	0	1	1	2	1
Totals	39	8	9	27	14	2	Totals	35	1	8	27	13	7

Athletic	0	2	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	8	8
Philadelphia	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2

Runs earned—None. Double-play—Jackson, Connell and Baker. First base by errors—Athletic, 4; Philadelphia, 0. Umpire, Wm. Warr. Time, 1h. 45m.

BUCKEYE vs. MEMPHIS.

Columbus, O., was on May 22 the scene of a game between the Buckeyes and the Red Stockings from Memphis, Tenn., which terminated in favor of the former. Rain fell slightly between times, but not enough to interfere with the condition of the field or stop play.

BUCKEYE.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	MEMPHIS.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fleck, c. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0	Walker, 1st b	4	0	1	13	0	1
Burke, s. s.	4	0	0	0	4	0	Brkshaw, 3b	5	1	0	1	5	0
Booth, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	Redmond, s. s	4	0	1	0	3	1
Marrer, l. f.	4	1	1	2	0	0	Shoup, 2d b	4	0	1	2	3	0
Callahan, p.	4	0	1	1	8	0	Malony, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Spence, 3d b.	4	1	1	3	1	0	Lottus, c. f.	3	1	0	1	1	0
Sullivan, 1b.	4	1	0	7	1	1	Burkalow, p.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Barnie, c.	4	0	0	7	1	2	Kennedy, c.	3	0	0	6	0	2
Strief, 2d b.	4	0	2	2	2	1	Moore, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	37	5	9	27	17	5	Totals	33	2	4	27	14	6

Buckeye	0	1	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	1	0—5
Memphis	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0—2

Struck out—Buckeye, 2; Memphis, 6.

Another victory, and an easy one, was on May 23 obtained by the Bucks over their antagonists from Tennessee, the latter having no chance at all with them.

BUCKEYE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	MEMPHIS.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fleet, c. f.	6	2	2	1	0	Walker, 1st b	4	1	2	12	0	2
Burke, s. s.	5	2	3	1	7	Brook'w, 3b	4	0	0	2	5	2
Booth, r. f.	5	2	2	1	0	Redlond, s. s	4	0	0	2	3	2
Magner, l. f.	5	1	2	1	0	0	Shoup, 2d b	4	0	0	3	3	0
Callahan, p.	5	0	0	1	1	0	Malony, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Spence, 3d b.	5	0	0	0	1	1	Sullivan, 1b.	4	0	0	2	2	1
Sullivan, 1b.	5	1	2	15	0	0	Burkalow, p.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Barnie, c.	5	1	1	7	1	0	Kennedy, c.	3	0	1	7	3	0
Strell, 2d b.	5	0	0	1	4	0	Moore, l. f.	3	0	0	2	0	1
Totals	46	9	14	27	12	3	Totals	32	1	3	27	11	15

Buckeye	0	1	3	2	0	0	0	2	1	0	0—9
Memphis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Runs earned—Buckeye, 4. Two-base hits—Walker, 1. Three-base hit—Booth, 1. Struck out—Memphis, 4; Buckeye, 2.

ALLEGHENY vs. ROCHESTER.

The tour of the Allegheny (Pa.) Club was brought to a close May 21, at Rochester, N. Y., when the result of a 5-innings contest with the home team of that city sent them on their way rejoicing, for it enabled them to more than "get hunk" for the 2 to 0 victory previously obtained by the Rochesters. In the first inning at the bat Nelson and Williamson took bases on balls, and were forced out at home by Dolan on a hit. Big Jake then came to the bat, and without any provocation knocked the ball over the centre-field fence—a terrific hit—bringing in four runs. McKelvy got to his base on balls, and was brought home on a two-baser by Galvin, who in turn came home on a base-hit by Holbert, making six runs, three of them earned. The Rochester boys earned two runs in the third inning on base-hits by Brady and Shattuck, and a hit over the left-field fence by Luff for three bases. In the fifth inning, Galvin was given his base on balls by a foul tip, but after a few minutes pluckily resumed his place amid cheers from the crowd. Cramer made a fine catch of a foul-fly.

ALLEGHENY.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ROCHESTER.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Nelson, s. s.	1	1	0	1	0	Brady, 2d b	2	2	1	2	1
Williamson, 2d b	1	2	0	2	2	Simmons, c. f.	0	1	3	1	1
Dolan, r. f.	1	3	2	1	0	Luff, s. s.	0	1	1	1	0
Goodman, 1st b.	1	2	9	0	0	Tipper, l. f.	0	1	3	0	0
McKelvy, c. f.	1	1	2	0	0	Madden, 3d b	0	0	1	2	1
Cramer, l. f.	1	0	1	2	0	Caskin, c.	0	1	1	1	0
Galvin, p.	0	1	0	1	0	Purroy, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Holbert, c.	1	1	1	0	0	Pond, 1st b.	0	0	0	0	0
Nichols, 3d b.	0	0	1	0	0	Total	3	6	27	12	3
						Rochester	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1—2
						Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Strikes called—off McCormick, 22; Bond, 26. Balls called—on McCormick, 10; Bond, 11. Passed ball—Higham. First base on errors—Star, 1; Boston, 2. Left on bases—Star, 3; Boston, 2. Struck out—Hall, 2; McCormick, 1; Brown, 1. Double-play—Wright and White, 1. Umpire, C. Cafferty. Time, 1h. 40m.

FAVORITE vs. FULTON.

In a game between these clubs, at Harlem, N. Y., May 23, the following result was arrived at:

FAVORITE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	FULTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Morgan, p.	0	1	0	2	0	Donovan, c.	1	1	3	1	3
Hughes, 2d b.	1	1	3	5	1	Gordier, 1st b.	0	2	8	1	2
Holman, c.	1	2	4	0	1	Doyle, r. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Fisher, 1st b.	1	3	2	2	0	McKeever, l. f.	2	2	4	0	0
Silvester, c. f.	1	1	2	1	0	Gilbert, 3d b.	0	1	3	2	0
Wilson, l. f.	1	2	2	4	0	Jasper, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Satterlee, 1st b.	1	1	2	8	0	Quigley, 2d b.	0	0	4	2	0
Hasson, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	Wilde, p.	0	1	1	1	2
Freeman, s. s.	0	1	2	9	2	Casey, s. s.	0	1	2	5	6
Totals	10	14	27	17	5	Totals	6	11	27	17	10

Favorite	3	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	4	0	10
Fulton	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	4	0	6

Runs earned—Favorite, 3; Fulton, 4. Bases on called balls—Favorite, 4; Fulton, 3. Umpire, M. Deem of the Favorite. Time, 2h. 30m.

BOSTON vs. AUBURN.

On May 25 the Boston Reds found foemen worthy of their prowess in the Auburn (N. Y.) Club, when they encountered at Seward Park, and defeated after a sharply-played contest:

AUBURN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burns, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	1	Wright, 2d b.	0	0	1	0	0
Mantlar, s. s.	0	1	1	2	2	Leonard, s. s.	0	2	3	2	0
Thomas, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0	White, 1st b.	0	3	11	0	0
Tobin, 1st b.	0	1	10	0	1	O'Rourke, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Field, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0	Sutton, 3d b.	0	0	2	3	0
Keenan, c.	0	0	4	0	2	Brown, c.	1	0	7	1	0
Dunlap, 2d b.	0	0	4	5	0	Morrill, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Mansell, c. f.	0	0	8	0	0	Murnan, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Critchley, p.	0	0	1	6	1	Bond, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	1	3	27	15	6	Totals	1	3	6	27	11

Auburn	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1

Run earned—Auburn, 1. Struck out—Auburn, 4; Boston, 4. Strikes called—off Critchley, 34; Bond, 28. Balls called—on Critchley, 16; Bond, 11. Base on called balls—O'Rourke, 1. Umpire, Geo. B. Wright. Time, 2h.

BOSTON vs. STAR.

The Reds from the Hub gave the Stars a shaking up at Syracuse, N. Y., on Saturday, May 26, the game being won by them through superior fielding. The Stars excelled at the bat.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	STAR.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wright, 2d b.	4	1	1	4	3	0	Higham, c.	4	0	0	4	1	2
Leonard, s.s.	4	0	0	2	0	0	Geer, s. s.	4	0	1	4	2	2
White, 1st b.	4	0	0	9	0	1	Mackin'n, lb	4	0	0	10	0	1
O'Rourke, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Hotaling, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Sutton, 3d b.	3	0	0	2	3	0	Hall, r. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Brown, c.	3	0	0	4	2	0	Mansell, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Morrill, r. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0	Farrell, 2d b.	3	0	0	0	4	0
Murnan, c. f.	3	0	0	3	0	0	McCrmick, p	3	0	0	1	1	0
Bond, p.	3	1	1	1	3	1	Capenter, 3b	3	0	2	2	1	1
Totals	31	2	2	27	11	2	Totals	30	0	5	27	9	6

Boston	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2
Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Strikes called—off McCormick, 22; Bond, 36. Balls called—on McCormick, 10; Bond, 11. Passed ball—Higham. First base on errors—Star, 1; Boston, 2. Left on bases—Star, 3; Boston, 2. Struck out—Hall, 2; McCormick, 1; Brown, 1. Double-play—Wright and White, 1. Umpire, C. Cafferty. Time, 1h. 40m.

SAN FRANCISCO vs. ATHLETIC.

The first game this season between these California clubs was contested at San

"SAG HARBOR IS MY SPOT."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEDICATED TO MR. FRED. TALBOT,
BY HARRY BENNETT.

He said he was a manager,
And had a little show,
With which he "took in" villages
When "biz" in town was slow;
He mentioned many places, too,
Where he could "scoop a pot,"
And smiled serenely when he said
"Sag Harbor is my spot!"

He took a line of argument
Which I could not resist;
And as he hooked my button hole
And gave my coat a twist,
He said: "Why, for expenses, sir,
I do not care a jot;
I'll 'stake' you if you'll go with me—
Sag Harbor is my spot!

"You talk about your Summer shows,
Why, this one is the 'boss'!
I went down there for seven weeks,
And never met a loss.
Five 'bones' for board, and beer thrown in—
I tell you it's 'red hot;'
And what a town for 'mashing!' Ah,
Sag Harbor is my spot!

"You won't need any fancy 'rig'—
Just wear your common 'stuff'—
They'll like you all the better if
You look a trifle 'tough.'
We'll save up every nickle, 'Cul,'
Along with what we've got,
And come back 'togged up scrumptiously'—
Sag Harbor is my spot!

"We won't take many people, 'pards'—
The cheapest we can get;
We'll hire a 'dizzy' fiddler, and
Some 'guy' with a cornet.
We'll do the acts and specialties,
No matter if they're 'rot;'
Each night we'll have five 'chucks' apiece—
Sag Harbor is my spot!"

* * * * * * * *

The night arrived—'twas warm enough
To melt a mummy's heart;
He played the tambo., I the bones,
In our "superb first-part."
But, when the curtain was rolled up,
He started as if shot,
And smiled quite sickly when I cried:
"Sag Harbor is your spot!"

... or high up in the gallery
One solitary "gawk"
Was waiting patiently alone
To hear the darkies talk.
We gave him back his stamps and sent
Him to his downy cot,
And then in dulcet tones I said:
"Sag Harbor is your spot!"

With one wild and heart-rending shriek
The "manager" ran out;
I followed closely at his heels,
Amazed to hear him shout.
He plunged beneath the briny waves,
Thus ending his sad lot,
The "motto" on his tombstone reads:
"Sag Harbor is my spot."

TO SAVE HER:
Marie Rochefort's Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

On certain boulevard in Paris some workmen were engaged in tearing down a building—a huge, old-fashioned chateau, which was being removed to make way for one more modern. While busily employed in the work, it was discovered that in a secluded corner of an upper story a small room was situated which had been closed up for probably half a century. The doors and windows had been removed, and oaken panels substituted to correspond with the adjoining walls. To tell the truth, the existence of such a room would never have been suspected but for the astuteness of one of the workmen, so securely and mysteriously had it been sealed up. After long exertion, however, the oaken panels were removed, and the interior of the apartment was opened to the light once more for the first time in so many years.

With fear and trembling and an unspeakable horror—of they knew not what—the workmen silently made their way, one by one, into the mysterious chamber. It was a large, square apartment, once richly furnished; but the bright tints were faded and dull now, and the moth and the spider had been at work, and the spirit of destruction brooded over all. They glanced hastily around the room, and then, with trembling limbs and shrieks of horror, rushed frantically out. There, upon the floor of the chamber, as though it had fallen and never since had been disturbed, lay a human skeleton, clad in the faded and motheaten fragments of what had once been rich and costly garments, but which now, at the touch of a finger, crumbled into ashes—the ghastly, grinning skull, the fleshless bones, the odor of decay, the body which had once been full of life, now but a heap of clay—a thing of horror, over which the spider had spun his satirical epitaph, and dust had scattered itself as though its deriding laughter would say: "To dust shall ye turn!" It was a spectacle of horror! By the side of the skeleton, as though it had fallen from one of the fleshless bones, a ring had dropped—a wide, golden circlet—upon which was engraved the words "Je crois en toi!" The bit of gold seemed the only tangible object in the room.

And the superstitious workmen huddled in awe-stricken quiet around, their work forgotten, their minds filled with the unraveling of this awful mystery, when suddenly the sound of a shrill voice was heard in their midst, and the form of a woman, bent and tottering with age, appeared among them. Waving her heavy oaken staff, she cleared a space for herself in the chamber. She approached the heap of bones, and, stooping, gazed long and earnestly upon that awful type of the mortality of all flesh, and as she did so her eyes fell upon the ring.

"I knew that I should find it right," she muttered.

She turned towards the groups of astonished workmen.

"Ah! you fear this?" she cried harshly. "You shrink and shiver from the sight of that to which you all must come, sooner or later. Ha! ha! Why should we care? We poor, since to us the world is one long, cold Winter, and we have no money, and the meal is scarce, and the soup is thin, and the fire goes out for lack of fuel? Ah! ye would hug life as a blessing, ye men who are afraid of death. Had ye been as I have been, and then as I am now, ye would go forth to meet your death as the bridegroom goes forth to meet the bride."

She paused, clenched both hands firmly over the black, oaken staff, then she seated herself upon the dusty floor, where three large red spots revealed the awful stains of human blood—that stain which nothing can remove, and no time can efface.

"See, you men!" she cried after an interval of silence, during which the workmen had gathered about her in wondering awe. "I can tell you all about it. It was for that I came hither—I, who have not stepped across the cursed threshold of this house for so many, many years. I, who am a woman now—over seventy!—but it seems like yesterday when first I entered it. Ah! when we are young and full of youth's hope and promise, we forget that the Winter-time of life must come. The frosts of the years steal over us, and we know it not. And then, when we awaken to the knowledge that age has overtaken us, we cry out that it is the world that is old and tired and blind and footsore and weary—that, groping amid the numberless graves of its lost and dead, careless of its living, and overcome by its own age and hopelessness and despair, it turns coldly away, and leaves us behind and forgets us. And, where the world forgets, it grows so dark and chilly—and the world is ever forgetful of us poor. Ah, well!"

Another pause ere she continued:

"When first I came to this house (it was a grand chateau then) I came as waiting-maid to the lady of a great English lord, not long before arrived in Paris. How beautiful my lady was!—with her large, dark eyes, and her long, black hair, such music in her voice, such a strange, sweet, subtle charm in all her graceful bearing. No wonder she led the world about her captive to her will, blinded as they were. It seemed to me that in all the history of the known world there is ever a Delilah to get the better of the strongest Samson. With all her beauty, youth and wealth, she was the most wretched of the hotbed of men, and she, unknown as she was, from the lower walks of life, had given her his love, his care, his wealth and his title. And, knowing her as I do now, I believe that the two latter were, in her eyes, the only valuables that he had ever bestowed upon her—all that she really prized. I can say this honestly to-day, with the lapse of fifty years between her grave and me.

"Many a time I had marveled at the patience with which my lord bore her caprices and ill-temper, and in my, soul I pitied the brave, noble heart of the great lord so high above me. This you may consider strange, for French waiting-maids are devoid of heart, you know—without heart or principle. At least so it is generally understood. But if that is *not* the truth, it is because we are not apt pupils, and fail to profit by the example of our masters and mistresses. My lord was proud of my lady. Oh, very proud! He would be—he was—for all that, and I had not been with them a week before I had found it out. Miserable! Ah, how much misery hides behind satin and gilding sometimes, and stalks like a spectre through the grandest palace. He had married her, a poor girl, because of her beautiful face. He had elevated her to his own rank, and his world had kindly forgotten (for the sake of his wealth and influence) how like a mushroom she had sprung up. Her beautiful face! Ah! I remember once hearing a woman say—a woman who made books for a living: 'If you wish to keep a thing, let it have naught to attract the eyes of others.' And I suppose that advice would apply to the selection of a wife. For the eyes of all the giddy world of rank were upon this beautiful, nameless upstart, who ruled over them all and queened it right royally.

"I had not been at the chateau a month before I found out two things about my mistress: first, that she did not love her husband; and, second, that she *did* love someone else! We waiting-maids have rare opportunities to find out the secrets of my lady's heart. We read them through and through, and wise and prudent indeed must my lady be who can close her heart, like a sealed book, secure from our scrutiny. And so, watching with observing eyes, I saw that, among all the company that filled the chateau to overflowing, there was no one to whom she accorded so gracious a welcome as one young man—St. Eustace they called him. I watched my lady's eyes grow brighter and her cheeks flush at his coming, and I saw at a glance that she was sowing broadcast a harvest of misery for herself. My lord never displayed suspicion, but I knew that a cloud of distrust rested upon his heart. But his occasionally distrait air was attributed by the few who observed it to business complications, a rumor of which had somehow gotten abroad. St. Eustace, who was the soul of honor, appeared ignorant of the state of affairs altogether, and seemed devoted to a young and beautiful lady—the sister of my lord, in fact. Now, the Lady Alice was as good and pure as my own lady was *not*, and I saw that she too loved St. Eustace, and, knowing my lady as I did, I trembled for all these actors in the game of cross-purposes. And so matters went on for many days, all treading the edge of the precipice down which they soon would be precipitated.

"One day I had strayed out into the garden yonder. You can see the spot from here, all grown over with weeds and moss now, and dank with the black mould of decay, but it was fair and beautiful then. I was wandering about for a breath of fresh air, and so by accident I found myself near a Summer-house, built in the style of the time, and here, catching the sound of voices, I paused to listen. To tell the truth, I had come out to meet someone. Louis was his name, an apothecary near by, for my lady kept me very close, and he and I could only meet seldom and by stealth. Poor Louis! He was so true and so brave! And he died in '93, with the others on the boulevards of Paris, "with the balls fired into his breast.'"

The old woman paused, and a sob shook her aged frame, but her eyes were dry of all tears, quite dry.

"Well," she continued in the same harsh, metallic voice, like the tones of a cracked bell, "I peered among the vines around the Summer-house, and I saw St. Eustace kneeling at the feet of the lady Alice. He was telling her of his love, and she, with her smiling, blushing, downcast face, was certainly not repulsing him. A rustling in the vines on the opposite side of the Summer-house caused me to look up, and there I saw my lady, standing with her beautiful, cruel face, like marble, and the fires which the fiends light burning in her wicked eyes. She turned then and fled away, and I knew that something dreadful was going to happen.

"That night I was aroused from a light slumber by a slight noise in the room. I slept on a couch in my lady's chamber. I opened my eyes, and saw my lady herself preparing to leave the apartment. Something kept me quiet, and as soon as she was gone I arose, and, hastily slipping on a wrapper, followed. My way led, as I half expected, she turned in the direction of the chamber of the Lady Alice. Softly she glided along, and I glided on behind her, following her like a secret sin, and, like a secret sin, slinking into doorways and out-of-the-way corners whenever I feared detection. She paused at last at the dainty room, all hung in blue and white, and, pushing open the door, which was unlocked, she silently, like an evil spirit, entered. I caught a glimpse of the slender form of the Lady Alice, lying on the snow-white bed, sleeping in all the innocence of the pure in heart. I paused upon the threshold for a moment, then, gaining courage, I gazed in at the open door. Heavens! I saw my lady stoop above the form of the sleeper, and clasp her strong, white fingers around the young girl's snowy throat. The fair face grew purple, the large, blue eyes flew open, starting from their sockets, and then I sank in a heap upon the floor. I had no strength, no power, to move. At that instant I heard a quick footstep, and my lord, with a livid face and trembling limbs, darted into the chamber. Passing by on a visit to his own apartments, he had caught a glimpse of the horrible scene, and intuitively divined the truth. He dashed to my lady's side, and seized both her hands in a vise-like grasp. Then the unnatural strain upon my nerves relaxed, and I shrieked like a mad woman.

"My wild cries aroused the household. All the guests rushed upon the scene, and foremost came St. Eustace. My lady stood by the side of her victim, white and rigid, like a ferocious beast at bay. Then she turned towards her husband with scornful eyes.

"'I call Heaven to witness,' she cried in a voice of intense hatred, 'that he is the murderer! To gain her wealth he has taken her life.'

"An awful silence fell upon all things, broken only by the sobs of the women and the fierce imprecations of the men. Then St. Eustace stepped forward and drew my lord from the room; and still that awful silence—the silence of the grave—rested upon them all. Then, as in a dream, I led my lady away. Pausing on the way to her own apartments we overheard the voices of St. Eustace. My lady caught my hand eagerly, and bent forward in a listening attitude.

"'It is true, my lord,' the young man was saying, 'that Lady Alice was your sister. That renders your crime the more hideous. But she was dead to you the moment she became my wife.'

"A low moan of agony from my lady, and she sank senseless to the floor. I paid no heed to her. I was glad of this sudden retribution.

"'It was a romantic whim of mine,' continued St. Eustace, 'to be secretly married. I attempt no excuse for the foolishness of the deed; there is no palliation to offer. I urged her to consent. She was but a child, and my mistress to be. After long persuasion, however, she consented. The necessary preliminaries were arranged, and yesterday we were married. To-night she lies there dead, strangled by your murderous hand, through your cupidity. I am your guest, my lord; I do not forget that. Nevertheless, there is but one course to a man of honor—we must fight.'

"It must have been a terrible moment for my lord, who, with the full knowledge of her guilt upon him, was still determined to shield her sin. Was it not horrible? But—ha! ha!—he is not the only man who has suffered for the guilt and sin of a woman; and there was in this man the stuff from which heroes and martyrs are made. Illustrious blood flowed in his veins: it would not fall him now! In those days the sword or the dueling-pistol was the only argument; and, knowing the unalterable edict of 'a life for a life,' he was still prepared for the sacrifice. Nevertheless, it was horrible.

"But, knowing that he was innocent, I would not allow him to sacrifice himself for the wicked woman at my feet, slowly struggling back to consciousness. She opened her eyes and called my name. Instinctively I knew by that, by her insolence she commanded me to accompany her to her own chamber. With wrath in my heart for the creature before me, I obeyed her commands, then returned at once to the room where my lord had received the challenge of St. Eustace. I would not permit this evil work to go on; I would speak, though my life were the forfeit. But, when I reached the room, I found that it was vacant; they had gone! Like one possessed, I rushed wildly over the chateau. I sought them everywhere, but in vain. All at once upon the hush and quiet of the house came the startling and ominous report of two pistols; and then I knew then that I was too late. I dashed to the room whence the sounds proceeded, this very room, and fell unconscious upon the threshold.

"They told me the whole dreadful story afterwards. In this chamber—over there—you can see the spot! They stood opposite each other with their loaded weapons, and so, face to face, with just the width of this room between them, they fired—and both fell. St. Eustace was badly wounded, but my lord—he was dead! He had paid out his life for hers, and oh! it was not worth it.

"But a miraculous thing happened then. An outcry from the apartment of the Lady Alice drew the household together again, and, wonderful to relate, the dear child was not dead after all! Life had struggled slowly back to her keeping. It had only been a case of suspended animation, and my poor Louis, who had been summoned, had been the means of restoring her to consciousness. It was long before she recovered the shock, though. And as for St. Eustace, wounded as he was, and overwhelmed with agony and remorse for the dreadful duel, his life was despaired of for many, many days.

"Of course I told them the whole truth, and as soon as they were able to be moved they left this fearful place, which seemed cursed in their eyes. Knowing the truth at last, the Lady Alice could not censure her young husband for what had occurred; but I do not think that St. Eustace was ever quite happy again. At last they went back to the Southern country and took me with them, and I lived with them for many years until they went away across the ocean, and I could not go. In vain they besought me. I could not go, though there is nothing now to bid me tarry here save the green mound where they put *him* when they found him with the pistol clutched where the shot and shell had left him stone dead. But that grave is something to live for, you know, and it seems to me that, rich or poor, young or old, it's all we do live for, since, willing or unwilling, we all must come to it at last. You are getting impatient. Ah, well, my lord was buried, and the old chateau was closed, and the nine days' wonder died out; for luckily the world which is so swift to censure is also swift to forget.

"And my lady. You ask what became of her? Ha! ha! a year after my lord was laid away in the grand old family tomb she drove through the streets of Paris in her costly carriage, wrapped in sables and glittering with diamonds. It was easy to see that my lord had not died insolvent after all.

"She had become converted, had waxed very devout, endowed several charitable institutions, and built a magnificent church. One day she was seen in company with a bishop, and so at once the world, which had held aloof from her, became convinced of her purity, and, surprised at its own neglect, crowded around her and took her to its heart, and made generous amends for all past dereliction. And for a brief space it was well with my lady!

"But you know, men, there is a little worm called *Remorse*, and it gets into the heart sometimes; and when it does get there it clings, and you cannot put it away. It stings and stings, and eats, little by little, the whole heart away; and then death comes, and so, *c'est tout!* A soul? Yes, but some people are soulless, you know! Well, *n'importe*.

"One day my lady was missing from amid the throng of kind friends who had willingly forgiven her past offenses, since her sins were glossed over with gold, and she had thrown dust into the eyes of the world, which blinded it to her infamy—*gold* dust, you know, and there is nothing like it for moral blindness! For a while there was great wonder expressed at her sudden disappearance. Then at last it was publicly announced that the dear saint had abjured the sins and follies of this wicked world, and had put the stone walls of a cloister between it and her. So devout! such a saint! said the church to whom she had bequeathed her vast possessions. Henceforth she was dead to the world; and so in their hearts an imaginary tablet was erected to her memory, blazoned all over with her wondrous charities and her piety. She was like many others, who 'enjoy all the virtues—on their tombstones.'

"But I, and I alone, knew the truth. I knew that one evening, just as twilight settled in a gray mask upon the quiet earth, a bent and tottering figure, with sunken eyes and hair prematurely gray, slunk in at the doorway of the old, deserted chateau. Up the stairs, like a thing of evil, she crept until she had gained this chamber. Long before she had caused the windows and doors to be removed, and strong oaken panels to be substituted, one of which, being movable, served as a door, which could only be opened from without. She moved the panel, entered this room, and closed it behind her forever. This was her cloister, this her cell, and her abjuration of the world and its follies.

"Worn out with remorse, she had come to this chamber to meet death face to face. And here, in the presence of these awful souvenirs of her dreadful past, this blood-stained floor, and the wedding-ring, which she wore upon her finger, my lady passed from this life to the mysterious beyond. She had been in thought and intent a murderess, but she left behind her the odor of sanctity, and was canonized as a saint. Of course this is encouraging to virtuous poverty, since we live the starves in rags, and vice is exalted and sanctified.

"But the shadows are lengthening, and I have far to go. To-morrow that will be removed and buried with pomp and ceremony by the church which so many years ago was built by her wealth. Some touching and beautiful story will be invented and spread abroad over the world of her extreme piety, and the holy sentiment which prompted her to seek death thus. But you who are enlightened can afford to laugh them all to scorn, since you have heard the truth and MARIE ROCHFORT'S story."

"LILY MELVILLE."—The old woman raised her eyes, and when she saw who it was standing over her she threw up her hands and commenced in a great fright, marking out the words "Mercy! mercy!" upon her fingers.

HERRICK PARAPHRASED
For the Phrynes of the Period.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SCHUYLER BRIGHTLY.

"*Gather ye roses while ye may*"—
You know what Herrick means.
If writing now, he'd likely say
While the sun's shining make your hay—
Avoid sad "might have beens."

"*Old time is still a flying,*" dear—
The hint, though gentle, 's strong;
And, if you think the way is clear,
Lose not a moment's chance, for fear
It stay not with you long.

"*The brightest flowers that bloom to-day,*"
For charming girls is puck,
Are nice young men, good-looking, gay,
Or soft old fellows, rich and gray—
The last are easiest struck.

"*To morrow may be dying,*" sweet—
Their fancy and your chance;
Old millionaires don't count by feet,
Grand Dukes are off when sails the fleet;
No partners, love, no dance.

So take to heart old Herrick's verse—
'Tis practical as pretty;
And its suggestion—tuneful, terse—
If acted on will fill your purse;
Neglected, were a pity.

LILY MELVILLE,
OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.
SHENSTONE.

"Tell me all," said Clarence, throwing himself at her feet, his strong limbs extended to the fire, his hand grasping hers, and his eyes upturned and drinking in the outpouring love from hers.

"Oh! how can I?" Lilian asked. "It is too long; you are in danger here."

He tapped his revolver with a smile of security. "No danger," he said. "I have locked the door, the windows are fastened, and the only means of exit are in my hands. Danger! He who is anxious for that may obtain it readily enough by entering now."

She put her hand upon his with such a caress, fearful though it was, that his blood leapt through every vein.

"O my darling!" he said rapturously, "who would not go through the shadow of death, if you were waiting at the other end? But now tell me. Spare no details. Every word you utter is food for my famishing heart."

Thus eloquently coerced, she commenced the long story, but soon stopped short.

"Now that I have told you what happened when I heard that you were dead, you must tell me where you were, and all you went through, my poor Clarence. I meant never to see you more—nay, to forgive you—for I thought you false to me. But I know you were not. Your eyes could not speak to me as they do, if they had been false!"

"False!" he repeated scornfully. "If one should rise from the grave to tell me you had believed it, I should laugh him to scorn. You know I could not be false to you, Lilian!"

"I know it—I know it now!" she murmured tearfully. "Poor Clarence, how you must have suffered!"

"No, no, I will not have that," he said with grave thoughtfulness. "No pitying me, please, when you have endured such anguish. And I will tell you nothing until you have finished your story. So go on, my darling."

She then told him of the advent of the strange doctor. He stopped her, and looked thoughtful.

"Describe him to me, Lilian," he said—"his face and eyes, his very expression, if you can."

She did so, and he looked puzzled.

"No," he mused; "I cannot recognize the picture. Go on, my darling."

Then, hesitating, she told of her illness; then, with tears, of the dreadful epidemic, the daily funerals, the perpetual mourning. At last she came to the scene in her own room, when, overhearing the doctor and Miss Lucas talking, she had incautiously shown them that she had unmasked them.

"They sprang on me," she said, "and forced me down, and a handkerchief was pressed against my face, and I remember no more until ——"

Clarence rose to his feet, his face livid with passion.

"O Heaven!" he cried, "grant me this prayer, that I may live to punish them. Oh, what vengeance a mortal can take will outweigh their crime! The brutes, the demons, to dare to lay a finger on you. O my darling! my darling!"

With his revolver grasped in his hand, he dropped at her feet, writhing in the tempest of his rage.

Lilian's alarm was great.

"Not a word more! I will not tell you a word more if you are not calm," she said. "O Clarence! if you love me ——"

With an effort he restrained himself, and, holding up his hand with a gesture that she might go on, sat, like a statue, gazing at the fire, but with quivering lips and a hand whose veins rose like knotted cords.

"The next thing I remember was waking, as it were, under a heavy covering—of waking and feeling that I was in motion. I lay still for some time, and then gained courage to cry out."

Clarence almost started to his feet again.

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "I heard you!"

"Hear me!" she repeated. "How could you?"

"No matter, darling; go on. I will tell my story presently, and you will see."

"When I cried out, someone—I could not see who—came and gave me some water. I would not drink it, I said, until they told me where my father was, and took me to him. The man, in a gruff voice, bade me be quiet, and told me that I was being taken to Sir Ralph Melville, if that was whom I meant, and advised me, if I wished to see him, to remain silent. Thinking it best to obey—for I felt that there had been some more foul play, and that I was in some ruffian's power—I remained quiet, but, feeling very ill and weary, tried to turn. To my horror, I found that I could not move a single limb! I think I must have fainted after that, for the next thing I remember is finding myself lying on that couch, with an old woman standing beside me. She gave me a glass of wine, forced it through my lips, and helped me to sit up. When I did so I saw—be calm, my own, be calm—that I was dressed in grave-clothes, swathed like a corpse. Then, as if with a flash of lightning, the truth burst upon me. They had dragged us both, papa and me, and passed us off for dead. I spoke to the woman, who commenced to release me from the dreadful things, but got no answer. I implored her to tell me where papa was, and offered her money—a hundred, a thousand pounds—if she would take me to him. Then, when I had gone on for half an hour, and was crying till I thought my heart would break, she laughed, and pointed to her lips and ears. She meant that she was deaf and dumb!"

Clarence started.

"Deaf and dumb!" he repeated. "It is the same old woman. Go on, my darling!"

And he kissed her hand, that trembled in his.

"For days and days I never saw anyone but her. I spent those days in walking up and down the room, in crying and praying. Sometimes, when I thought of papa, and fancied that they might treat him cruelly, being a man, I feared I should —don't groan so, darling; it is all over now, I know, for I feel, as if Heaven had whispered it, that you have been sent to save him and me. At last, after seven days, a man entered the room with the old woman. I knew him at a glance, although he was dressed so differently, and had light, golden hair, and was in the garb of a priest. Before he could get into the middle of the room I pointed my finger at him, and said:

"'I know you, you bad man. You are Dr. Bromwell, and a scoundrel. Where is my father, Sir Ralph Melville?'

"He smiled, just as the false doctor had smiled at the hall, and came forward, with his hand stretched forth.

"'Peace, my daughter!' he said. 'Cast forth the unclean spirit. I have brought two holy women to administer unto thee.'

"I laughed him to scorn, and told him if he dared to come near me I would strike him with the knife that Clarence—I think I should for that my despair gave me such strength that I had lifted it up above my head, and stood ready to hurl it at him. Perhaps he knew I should; for he drew back, and, opening the door, said to someone outside:

"'Enter, sisters.'

"And two nuns entered, with a basket between them. Giving them some directions, he went away. I kept the chair near my hand, and they waited until I was calmer and looked less angry, then came nearer, and said they were to make some clothes like theirs for me, and got out some material. I asked them what for, and assured them I wouldn't wear them if they made them. They hushed me and soothed me like a child, and looked at each other significantly. They were very quiet, and by degrees I learned from them that I was to be a nun, that my father was an old gentleman of property and a Catholic, and that he had consigned me to the care of a Catholic priest to prepare me for a French nunnery, despairing to effect anything with my refractory temper himself. As I listened to the plausible tale my heart sank within me. I felt that, if they succeeded in carrying me from England, I should never see papa again. I told them that the man who had accompanied them was no Catholic priest, but a designing scoundrel.

"They smiled pityingly, and looked shocked. They had been warned that I should talk wildly and tell falsehoods of the good father, and they would be on their guard. Spoke of my feelings, as they called my tears and supplications, than they did of the dumb walls. They made the clothes and left them, telling me I was to be conveyed to France in a few days' time.

"Since then I have seen nothing of the man, doctor or priest, or whatever he may be, and I have been expecting each day to be carried away."

Clarence bore down upon her caress to his arm around her waist. He could not trust himself to speak, and her sobs broke the silence. Then he told her the story of his life since he had left Rivershall. It was marvelous how careful he was to avoid all mention of the scene attending his dismissal, and to speak of his father's name when he had occasion to with a tone of deep affection and respect. But he avoided Sir Ralph's name as much as possible; for at every mention of it Lilian's tears broke out afresh, and as concisely as he could he went over the incidents with which the reader is already acquainted.

"And now," said he, "to unravel this dreadful plot and punish the plotters."

And then they fell to discussing this and discussing that point, Lilian telling her suspicion of Kate Lucas being the female she had seen in the garden talking with the false doctor, and Clarence dissecting the strange facts connected with the fortune supposed to have been left him, and his subsequent imprisonment.

"But," said Lilian with a sudden start, breaking into their hurried deliberations, "how did you find me out, and how did you enter this room? You have not told me that, which seems to me the most wonderful of all!"

His face clouded, and he turned his eyes moodily to her face.

"Lilian," he said in a low voice, "I knew this house, this room, years ago."

She looked at him, pale, and her eyes filled with a strange, ineffable satisfaction. "You have been in this room, lived here?"

"I have," he said solemnly.

"I thought so," she said.

"Why?" he asked, astonished.

She blushed a bright crimson and hid her face.

"Why?" she repeated. "Remember our compact—no reserve."

"Because," she faltered—"oh, must I tell?—because I seemed to love the room, though it was a prison to me. I seemed to have known it before, and I never looked round it but I thought of you. Is there a ghostly, your shadow must have been flitting in it!"

He smiled, but she noted that he did so sorrowfully.

"Yes," he said with a sigh. "This house gives us the clue. Without it we might wander through this maze hopelessly. Yes, Lilian, my darling, I spent my boyhood years in this house, in this room, almost a prisoner as close as you are now."

She gazed at him in speechless astonishment.

"Were you born here?" she said. "You have told me that you did not know where you were born."

"That is true," he said. "No; I cannot believe that I was born here; but I do not know. I remember the house only, and the man only—my master, my task-master, and my jailer—the man who has worked us both so much harm."

Lilian drew her breath hard, and turned pale.

"Not Doctor Bromwell, not he!" she murmured.

"Yes, he," he replied, "though known to me by another, by many other names. I knew him as Melchior, a criminal, a murderer—do not tremble, my darling; I know the fear that has struck you cold, but, trust me, it is groundless. Sir Ralph is dead, and—he calls—he is calm—in this house."

Notwithstanding the warning, she started to her feet, and her arms went up with a stifled cry. He was prepared for her, however, and caught her to his breast. He feared she would faint, but she did not.

"O, thank Heaven!" she breathed. "I will forgive him all the rest, if papa is safe. Oh, let me cry, Clarence, or my heart will break!"

He let her cry, still holding her, and, when she was calm again, went on hurriedly, for he felt that every moment the chances of an interruption were increased:

"This man, this Melchior, for some dark end of his own, revenge or ambition or avarice, has plotted your ruin and mine. He has plotted and worked with the ingenuity and mercilessness of a fiend. That cat-like serpent of a woman was his tool. How many more he may have Heaven knows, for his webs are laid over other countries than this, and his ingenuity has gained him an infamous notoriety all over the world. Let his object be what it may, he has our concealment at heart, yours, Sir Ralph's, and mine. By this time, no doubt, he has obtained possession of Rivershall."

"No, that is impossible," said Lilian. "Rivershall, at papa's and my death, would go to Lady Melville."

Clarence started and turned white.

"Lady Melville!" he said. "Where have I heard that name? Impossible! She is incapable of such horrible crimes."

So great was his emotion, though he felt quite unable to account for it, that he groaned aloud. Lilian clung to him in distress.

"Oh, what have I said?" she moaned. "Oh, what dreadful net is this around us?"

"Dreadful indeed!" he groaned, recovering himself and stooping to kiss her hand. "Let us talk no more to-night. I must sleep on all this —or rather think it over quietly. Heaven send me some solution. Now, darling," and he drew her to the chair as he spoke, "for our plan of escape."

She breathed hard and sank into the chair. He knelt at her side, with his arm around her waist.

"Will you come with me now?" he murmured. "Will you trust yourself to me?"

"I cannot leave him here," she sobbed.

It was what Clarence had expected, and he had schooled himself to bear it.

"I will not ask you, my love," he said. "You shall both leave here together, or I shall think Heaven has deserted me. Let me think—let me think."

He clasped his forehead with his strong hand in silent puzzling for a few minutes, then looked up with an eager light in his eyes.

"I have it," he said. "To-night you shall be free, and in his arms."

She stopped him with an exclamation of delight:

"O papa! papa!"

"You shall," he repeated, rejoicing in her joy. "But to obtain such a glorious result I must leave you for a while, darling."

Her face fell at that, but with commendable bravery she tried to smile. He looked himself heartbroken at the necessity, but went on quickly:

"Only for an hour or two, Lilian—only for an hour or two. Heaven will have you in its keeping while I am from your side until I return to save you."

She put her hands in his with a simple trust that set his lips quivering.

"And now," he said, "listen. To-night—when do you leave this room?"

"At ten," she said. "The woman comes for me and takes me to a room above."

He nodded.

"At nine, then," he added, "I shall be here."

She began trembling.

"Oh, it seems too good to be true!"

He chided her lovingly for mistrusting him.

"At nine I shall be here, before if I can, and at ten the plan I have hit upon will be executed. At the next meal the woman brings eat as hearty as you can, and be careful to do nothing that may excite her suspicions. Be in look and manner just as usual."

"Trust me!" said the beautiful girl, all aglow with hope.

"That is all you have to do," he said. "The rest is for me."

Then he said he should have to go, and took her in his arms to say good-bye. But the saying took a long while, and it was not until a footstep warned them of the woman's approach that he could tear himself away.

Softly unbolting the door, he caught up his revolver, and made his escape through the secret door, waiting, with it ajar, to hear if anyone but the old woman had entered. She was alone, and had brought some food, for Clarence heard the rattling of plates. Waiting still a few seconds to hear if his darling spoke, he closed the iron-lined door softly—though it was unnecessary caution—and hurried through the passage. Rats might scurry over his feet, and water might drip from the damp roof by palisful, for all he cared now. His heart had risen from the grave, and he was alive again.

So full of meaning had been their first embrace; so much had their eyes told each other, that he had not wasted the precious moments by asking her if she had been about to marry Harry Besant, nor she by requesting the name of the lady for whom he had fought the duel. They had left within their souls that, though all things else were entangled in the web of falsehood and mystery, their loves had stood out clear, burning brightly through it all.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Lo! here's a man tangled in his own net,
While the birds laugh o'er the field.

For the first time Clarence Clifford found the earlier associations of his life of great and material use to him. With a speed which only the wings of love could have rendered him capable of, he traversed the underground passage, and made his way to his lodgings. His landlady, a poor but respectable woman, answered his hurried summons, and in reply to his question said that she had apartments which could accommodate a gentleman and his daughter.

"They are friends of mine, coming from the country," said Clarence, "and I expect them here to-night. Can you have everything ready for them?"

"Yes, sir," said the woman. "What time am I to expect them?"

"Some time after ten," he said. "I am going up to the coach to meet them, and shall bring them back with me."

She curtsied, offered to show him the rooms, and he followed her.

There were three rooms plainly but more comfortably furnished than his own, and Clarence decided that they would do for the few nights he should require them, feeling sure that Sir Ralph would welcome freedom, though it came presented in the humblest guise. Besides, he had his plans, and to move them forward—to engage the coach to a hotel would entirely ruin them, besides leaving a sure trace to Melchior. Having arranged with the woman of the house, he hurried off with a bag, and at an outfitter's purchased two enormous cloaks, one of them having a hood. He added to his warlike defense a brace of deadly-looking Toledo blade, and, assuring himself that the flask was filled with brandy, paused a while to go over his preparations to discover if he had omitted anything. It struck him that it would be as well to take another revolver, and he accordingly purchased one, and placed it beside the other in his belt. Then, when all was completed, his anxiety and feverishness grew more intense. He could not keep from the entrance-court, and soon, though he had determined not to risk the success of his plan by entering the room too soon, he found himself in the vault, and treading cautiously along the passage, the lantern in one hand, and lighting his path in the other. When he came to the secret door, he paused and listened intently. So carefully had the iron paneling been made and fitted that no sound could leak through, although the thickness was not that of half an inch. He waited for five minutes, then cautiously touched the spring. The door opened slowly, and, as he had done before, he went down on his hands and knees and crawled to the screen. It was a delight to watch the beautiful girl unseen. She was sitting with her eyes bent upon the fire, but her whole attitude, the pose of her head, was of intense expectancy. He glided round the screen aside, and at the slight noise she started and sprang forward. He caught her in his arms.

"I am here," he said, "my darling, and all has gone well."

"Listen," she said. "It is striking ——"

"Exact punctuality," he said, trying to smile with ease, though in truth very anxious.

"And now," said she, "show me how you came in."

He locked the door first; then, cautioning her to walk on tiptoe, led her by the hand and showed her the secret door.

"And I never guessed it," she said.

"How should you?" he asked. "If you had searched the room inch by inch, could you have discovered that?" And, closing the door, he showed her how closely the paneling fitted.

"Ah!" she said with a sigh and blush. "Love laughs at locksmiths."

"Yes," he said; "but come. We have work before us, my sweet Lily. See here," and he opened the bag and took out the two cloaks. "This cloak is for you, and this for Sir Ralph."

Her eyes lit up at the mention of her father's name, and her hand closed on Clarence's arm.

"You must put this on when you get into the passage, for the air is cold and damp."

"You have no cloak," she said reproachfully.

"Love keeps me warm," he said, kissing the hand upon his arm.

"And where are we to go when we escape from this dreadful place?"

He hesitated.

"I have arranged," he said. "Only let us obtain Sir Ralph, and the rest is easy."

They stood a little while by the fire in silence, both filled with love and anxiety. Clarence was the first to speak.

"It must be nearing ten," he said. "And now, my darling, I will not ask you to be firm, for your love will make you that when you remember how much depends upon it."

"Trust me," she said, pressing his hand. "Only tell me what you wish me to do."

"First, to cease trembling," he said, holding the little hand to his lips.

"I have ceased," she said with a smile. "I am ready to obey you in everything."

He nodded.

"Now," he said, "we must unlock the door. Give me this shawl," and he caught one of hers up and raised it to his lips. "Desperate measures are necessary, and there must be no hitch in them. When I give the signal by holding up my hand, be ready. Stand at the fireplace, with your arm resting on the mantelpiece in an easy, unsuspicious attitude. Directly I have secured the old woman, which I must do without any noise, be prepared to help me, or follow at a moment's notice."

With a sparkle of excitement in her eyes, Lilian nodded.

"I will do all," she said. "Look! I am quite calm."

He smiled an acknowledgment and took up his position by the side of the door. Lilian took up hers, and presently the dumb old woman was heard ascending the stairs. With leisurely pace she neared the door and shot back the heavy locks. Directly she opened it and entered, Clarence slipped behind her and threw over her head the shawl he had borrowed of Lilian. With a gesture of alarm, which she made by throwing up her hand, she let a small whistle from her bosom, but, her mouth being covered, she of course could not use it, and fell upon the floor, uttering half-smothered cries. Clarence gently disengaged the whistle from her hands, and unwound the shawl. The old woman raised her eyes, and when she saw who it was standing over her she threw up her hands and commenced in great fright, marking out the words "Mercy! mercy!" upon her fingers.

Clarence, by the same means, asked her if she knew who he was.

"Yes," she replied swiftly; "Master Cli! You won't hurt me?"

"That all depends," said Cli. "You know that I can get you hanged!

ity, as I never remember to have seen any of that particular degree of ugliness anywhere else. The untidy door-yard, wherein stalk prospective dinners in the shape of gaunt, ragged-feathered fowls, clucking and squabbling over bits of food flung out to them by the frowsy, colored mistress of the establishment, who stands in the low doorway with a brood of tousle-headed, half-naked children at her heels. Verily, she looks like the old woman who lived in a shoe, for she has so many children she *can't* know what to do but to let them grow up with the pigs and chickens, all alike, seemingly.

There is always a straggling woodpile, with more chips about than logs, and a shambling boy in torn trowsers held by one suspender presiding over it with a discontented expression of countenance.

And now the noontide deepens to sultriness. Passengers yawn and move wearily, and murmur something about "dinner." Presently the speed decreases, and the brakesman puts in an appearance.

"Millen!" he shouts. "Twenty minutes for dinner. Passengers change cars for Augusta."

There is a simultaneous movement, and the train comes to a stop at a broad platform in front of the hotel, in whose door stands a white-aproned waiter making day hideous with a sonorous gong. Goodness, what a rush! The average American traveler is always hungry, and American manners have not yet attained perfection, especially when dinner is in question.

I do not leave the car, for I know by bitter experience just how long a dish of "gumbo" will retain its heat, and what agonies of impatience one may suffer while waiting for it to become eatable. So, wise in my generation, I unpack my lunch, send a stray little darky for a cup of coffee, and dine at my ease, contemplating from my window (on the shady side) my hungry, heated fellow-passengers, struggling to attain a hot dinner in twenty minutes, and most of them failing ignominiously. My maiden friend does not leave her seat, either, but produces a dainty lunch in the whitest of napkins from the neatest of baskets, procures a cup of tea, and lunches sedately. Baby and his family have brought their dinners, too, in the capacious carpet-bag, and they all sit munching big slices of bread and butter, and looking longingly at my neighbor's delicacies. Becoming observant of the same, she divides the dainty little cakes among the staring children, proving that oftimes "sweetest fruits have sourest rind," and winning my everlasting consideration by her kindliness.

All this time the car-windows have been besieged by a crowd of "Old Black Joes" and portly "Aunt Dinahs," carrying trays covered with fair white cloths, albeit somewhat coarse in texture, and laden with white, flaky biscuit, steaming coffee in queer little squat coffee-pots, and fried chicken done to just that stage of delicious brown crispiness that no one but the noble "aunties" can attain. They hold up the tray to you: "Only a dime, missus;" and if you invest a stray dime or two, you will have no reason to complain, I know, for I have tried them many a time.

You can't converse rationally inclined, ask in a casual manner:

"Do you raise your own fowls?"

"Oh, yes, missus," they will always answer; and it is the truth, at least in part, for sometimes the fowls are "raised" at other people's expense, but they don't tell you those particulars.

The old "aunties" are garrulous too. Perhaps you praise the cooking of the viands:

"Laws, yes, honey! 'pears like I'd oughter know how to cook. I done bin cooking for Mass' So-and-so," and so on *ad infinitum*.

A shrill whistle brings out the diners like a swarm of bees, putting on dusters, gloves and so on, and all looking tired and heated with the struggle for their dinner. The sun has crept around by this time, and there is a general pulling down of blinds, rearranging of bags and parcels, and a settling-down for an uncomfortable after-dinner nap, and then we are off again.

Into the pine woods now—no more lush undergrowth, no wild tangle of hazel brush and blackberry vines, with a blossom or two still lingering amid the green berries, no variety of shape and color, or golden arrows of sunlight striking downward to the greensward; but endless aisles of tall, brown trunks, a cool, dim greenness, the rustling fall of overripe pine cones to the soft, thick carpet of pine needles, and a murmurous wind hymn ever sighing through the thick interlacing boughs overhead. Many a mile of this quiet beauty, and then a hollow roar under the wheels betokens the presence of trestle-work, and we enter the swamps that lie between the pines and the sea—those dismal, shadowy lagoons of shining water, clear and dark, wherein hundreds of cypress-knees uplift their curious forms, parasite vines flinging their loops from tree to tree and banding them together in a wild tangle of flower and leaf; boggy land, where numerous grassy hammocks seem to afford passage, but on which no unwary foot should tread, for they are generally the abiding-places of poisonous serpents, lying asleep on the mossy surface, and scarcely distinguishable till their deadly heads are raised to sting the incautious traveler to death. Over all, the beautiful, wonderful Spanish moss hangs its phantom festoons, and shrouds the skeleton trees in palls of weird beauty.

The roar of the trestle ceases beneath us, the dim reaches of water give place to firm ground, and a subtle odor steals over and enthralls our senses. Don't you see? Yonder it is. The queen of the forest, the pride and glory of the Southern Flora—the magnolia. Tall and straight as an Eastern princess it stands, clothed to its airy summit in dark-green, shining leaves, and wearing its royal white blossoms as a monarch wears his crown. Creamy white, velvety soft, the exquisite blossoms perfume the air with odors of Araby the Blest.

The sun is down, and in these thick woods the evening light fades quickly, and the depths and hollows look grim and mysterious, and teem with the myriad life of the Southern Summer-night.

The wayside cabins lose all their ugliness, and become the enchanted abode of demons, all aflame with the fiery fires on the wide hearth, showing the fiery glow through every crevice in the crazy walls as we flash past.

I note the homely tables spread for the evening meal, and rough-shirted men sitting about each with the inevitable pipe, waiting till the hoe-cake shall be in shallow pans to bake before the roaring fire shall be done, and served smoking-hot with savory "middling" and smoking coffee.

The pine-knots burn high and bright, and the shadows of the inmates show in exaggerated and comical shapes, like the funny pictures of shadow pantomime. It is all very homely and commonplace by daylight, but night and kindly firelight bestow upon it a picturesque charm.

At last the lights of Savannah twinkle in the distance, and soon we roll softly into the old red-brick depot, and, emerging from the car, we are deafened with the usual clamor. Mine host of the Screvin, Pulaski or Marshall House will take you in and deal gently by you, and on downy beds you will soon forget the long-jolting journey.

There is much of interest to see in Savannah. The quaint old city is green and shady, and fully earns its pretty name, "The Forest City." Walk out Bull street, rest in the pretty little squares that occur every other block, furnished with seats and safely railed in, so that the wee, toddling children sent to them daily may enjoy their play in perfect security. Take note of the lovely gardens, the exquisite beauty and variety of the flowers, and finish your walk in the fine park at the upper end of the street. It is a lovely place, full of trees, flowers, and a most beautiful fountain in the centre, where the cool waters flow musically all the long Summer-day. Go down to the "Bay," look at the endless lines of shipping lying in the river, from all quarters and of all nations. Some steep steps will take you down "Under the Bluffs" to the wharves, where you may dodge the heavy cotton-wagons passing in endless lines, trip your unwary foot in ragged bits of matting from the tea-chests, wonder what on earth can be in those innumerable barrels and hogsheads, and buy oranges, bananas and pineapples from the clamorous boatmen who sit in their frail craft's waist, deep in the delicious fruit. Go out to the "Salts," or "Isle of Hope," where you can spend a long, happy day idling in the woods, or take a boat, and, out on the crisp salt water, catch crabs (if you can)—*real* crabs, I mean—green, sprawling and hideous; not the little imitations of Summer-time, whose only habitat is the oars, and never can see where the laugh comes in. Try the "Shell Road," and spend a moonlight evening at "Thunderbolt;" but, whatever else you do, be sure not to forget grand old "Bonaventure." I believe it is the oldest cemetery in our fair land. Don't take a chattering companion, but go as I did, with a sympathetic friend, who drove slowly and said nothing, while I drank in the solemn grandeur of the place.

Live-oaks in long avenues, locking arms overhead, stand eternal sentinels over the quiet sleepers. The gray moss hangs in the dim aisles like war-worn banners in ancient cathedrals, and waves in the winds that sigh through the sombre paths the whispers of unquiet souls. Hardly a bird's song breaks the silence, and the rustle of a rabbit in the underbrush seems a crash in the quiet of the spot. There the magnolia rears its stately head, and a palmetto or two rustle their dry leaves in the still air, and clambering vines of wild jessamine with a wealth of odorous bloom make fragrant homes for shy, bright-eyed birds. There lie many honored dead, over whom the tombstones have grown green and mossy with time and weather. Faded wreaths on the lowly beds tell of loving, unforgetting hearts, and the sombre beauty of the scene sinks deep in my heart, and will be from choice the last memory-picture I shall carry away from evergreen Savannah.

"OLD SI" ON EDUCATION

They were talking about sending their children to school. Old Si said:

"Now, dese heah public schools is moughty advancing things of dey don't cos' too much."

"Dey aint gwine ter cos' too much."

"Dey aint gwine ter cos' us no mo', kase de council gwine to ante up de cash de balance ob de yeah."

"Dat's all squar', den; but yer's got ter be moight 'tickler 'bout de kine ob eddycashin dat yer children masticates dar."

"How is dat?"

"Well, dar is two kine ob eddycashin—dat what 'lustrates an' dat what 'monstrates."

"I heahs yer, but I don't 'zactly onderstands de plint."

"Hit's dis, den: Yer kan go ter school an' larn 'bout dat rairode ingine an' how hit's put togeder; but if yer climes onter de cab an' tries to start de critter, yer's lierbul to tech de 'rong trigger. What's de 'feckt ob dat, I'd like ter know?" yer said dar long 'nuff yer'd larn how hit come 'part, but de bettin' 'udd all be 'gin der kuriner's findin' all de peeces of de eddycated nigger dat tried to navergate de mersheen!' Dat's eddycashin dat's 'lustratit, yer see?"

"I fetches de argyment."

"Now, den, 'sposin' dat yer don't git on de ingine an' yer don't go ter skool, but yer gits er job on one ob dese farms heah. Yer's wurkin' wid anudder nigger dot's jess come outen de skoolhous'. De boss say ter yer befor' ter go inter de barn an' get out shelled co'n 'nuff ter feed fo'ty hosses for two days an' er half. Now, what yer gwine to do? You dat's bin fotch up on de farm jess goes out an' shovels dat co'n inter sacks widout disturbin wool de leas' bit, but dat udder nigger 'ell take a peece ob chawk an' figger all ober de side ob de barn 'fore he's satisfide—an' den 'll put de hosses on ha't rashins when he's done."

"Jess so."

"Dat's eddycashin dat 'monstrates, an' der's no use ob book-larnin' fer er nigger dat don't splane ter him how ter make er libbin in de good ole way. Dar's too mennee eddycated niggers playin' lottery er finishin' dar larnin' in de penicenchery, now—yer heah dat?"

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THESE OUR MUSICIANS.

The musical gentlemen who labor so earnestly and so industriously for the entertainment of our patrons are accurately presented in the following beautiful tableau, which we have prepared at great outlay, "leaving no stone unturned" to secure the highest measure of art.

CLIPPER VARIETIES ORCHESTRA.

Owing to the contracted limits of our space, we can show you the three most important performers only, the others—some seventeen in number—having gone out to "see a man," while the principal soloists remain to make "effects" as the heavy villain of our play stealthily enters from R. U. E., to steal the precious foundling. We may say to our friends who came to see the leg drama, that we don't "take any in ours" on this occasion; so those so disposed can pass the time pleasantly, while the play is on, at Jake Guberson's, next door, in examining the pictures. *(Ting-a-ling.)*

AT THE PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK, IN 1810.

J. M. Burnham of Brooklyn, L. I., sends us an advertisement cut from *The Evening Post* of 1810, at that time published by his grandfather at 40 Pine street, in this city. Wm. B. Wood, who then made his first appearance in New York, died in Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 21, 1861, in the 83d year of his age; Mr. Doyle was at the Park four or five seasons, playing old men and Irishmen—after that all trace of him is lost; Manager Edmund Simpson died in this city July 31, 1848; Hopkins Robertson was attached to the Richmond (Va.) Theatre when it was burned, Dec. 26, 1811, and by his presence of mind succeeded in saving many lives—he died in this city Nov. 10, 1819; Mr. Bray returned to Leeds, Eng., in the Spring of 1822, and died a few days after arriving there; John Hogg died here Feb. 14, 1813; Mirvan Hallam, who was the son of Lewis Hallam the second, and grandson of Lewis Hallam the first, who established the drama in America in 1752, died here Nov. 8, 1811; Mr. Lindsley probably returned to England, and died there; Mrs. Oldmixon died in either Philadelphia or Germantown in the Winter of 1835-6; Mrs. Hogg died here Feb. 6, 1816; Mrs. Mason died in New Orleans, La., in 1835; Miss Jones married Manager Simpson in 1820, and retired from the stage; we have no record of Mrs. Claude's death.

THEATRE.

The managers have great pleasure in announcing the engagement of Mr. Wood of the Chestnut Theatre for four nights. First night of Mr. Wood's engagement.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 12,

will be presented a play called

THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST.

Count de Valmont.	Mr. Wood	Sanguine	Hallam
Longueville	Doyle	Legnior	Lindsley
Florian	Simpson	Gerot	Mrs. Hallam
Bertrand	Robertson	Rosabelle	Mrs. Oldmixon
L'Eclair	Bray	Monica	Mrs. Hogg
Gaspard	Hogg	Unknown Female	Mrs. Mason

THEATRE.

To which will be added the last new entertainment of

THE CARAVAN.

OR THE DRIVER AND HIS DOG.

Marquis of Calatrava		Pedro	Mr. Simpson
Don Gomez	Bray		Lindsley
Count Navarro	Doyle	Lopez	Thornton
Blabbo	Hogg	Officer	McEnery
Arabbo	Robertson	Pirates	Messrs. Oliff, etc.
Roderigo	Hallam	Marchioness	Mrs. Claude
Julio	Simpson	Rosa	Mrs. Oldmixon

Doors open at 6, and the performance to begin precisely at 7 o'clock.

A SERIO-COMIC.

While the pathetic ballad thrills the heart with ecstatic pleasure as it recalls some sweet moment when love enchained the soul, there are other forms of song and other types of singers that are intended to offset the serious side of life, and cheer the heart with merriment. The serio-comic is the latest we are about to present to you is from the Grand Opera of Paris and La Scala at Milan. But these high-sounding names have no terrors for us—we cull our posies from the rarest conservatories of music, and promise salaries that entice the lyric artists to our shores. This is the debut of the Milanese serio-comic in this country; and though her efforts may create an impression that she is *not* a serio-comic, we assure you that she is. The song requires a great strain on the muscles of the face to give it due effect—this detracts somewhat from the ensemble of her personality. Off the stage she is the cynosure of every eye, the embodiment of all that is beautiful in one to his own trade, and dissolved a house in an instant, and made a ruine of a stately fabrick, it was not then the most inimical nor fighting man, Fowler nor Andrew Cane, could pacifie; prologues nor epilogues would revaile: the devill and the fool were quite out of favor. Nothing but noise and tumult fills the house, until a Cogz take 'em, and then to the bawdy-houses and reforme them; and instantly to the Bank's Side, where the poor bears must conclude the riot, and fight twenty dogs at a time besides the butchers, which sometimes fell into the service. This performed, and *the horse* and *jack-ansapez* for a jigge, they had sport enough that day for nothing.

Though there were not any newspapers or periodical publications in Shakespeare's time, the wits of them was well supplied by playbills, which were distributed about the town, and were pasted on the numerous posts which were then in London. The long and whimsical titles prefixed to the quarto copies of Shakespeare's plays could scarcely have been written by himself. They were probably fabricated by the booksellers who published them, or were copied from the playbills.

The modes of conveyance to the theatres were various, some going in coaches, others going on horse-back. But "it was the very same of gentility to be rowed across the river by a pair of oars. The employment of a sculler was carefully shunned by the fine gentleman as being plebeian and ignoble."

The price of admission into the best rooms or boxes seems to have fluctuated, but the general price was a shilling. In "The Scornful Lady," printed in 1616, one-and-six pences, penny places are mentioned. From the prologue to "The Queen of Arragon," acted before 1630, mention is made of the "half-crown-box." The galleries and pit were sixpence, but in the meaner playhouses only a penny; in others, twopence. On the first day of a new play the prices were raised sometimes to double, and even to treble the usual sum. This was also the case on the authors' nights, or on the representation of expensive plays.

During the reign of Elizabeth, plays were performed in the public theatres on Sundays (out of the hours of prayer), as well as on other days. This practice was prohibited at the instance of the magistrates; but the prohibition does not appear to have lasted long, for we find that Queen Elizabeth, when she visited Oxford in 1592, did not scruple to be present at an exhibition on Sunday night, Sept. 14 of that year.

The performances commenced at one o'clock in the afternoon, and was sometimes concluded in two hours. As late as 1667 it commenced at three; in 1696 it commenced an hour later. Only one piece was acted in a day. In the time of James I plays appear to have been acted every day at each theatre during the Winter season, except in the time of Lent, when they were not permitted on Wednesdays and Fridays. For leave to perform on the other days of Lent, they paid a fee to the Master of the Revels.

MLLE. BIANCHI.

The young soprano whose portrait graces our first page is a native of Baden. Her vocal culture, finished in the conservatories of the noble Milanese, Viardot Garcia, was begun at Manheim under Mme. Wiegk, who by marriage is a relative of the prima-donna Mme. Vilda, which lady, by the way, after a four years' absence from London, kept Mlle. Bianchi's company waiting before another who the latter made her debut in that city, the madame, as Norma, achieving in 1874 that success which in 1870 was beyond her grasp. Mlle. Bianchi's first appearance in the English metropolis was as Oscar the page in "Il Ballo in Maschera," at Covent Garden Royal Italian Opera, on Monday, April 24, 1874, and during that season she had, besides Mme. Vilda, such distinguished companions among her own sex as Mme. Sinico and Mlles. Adelina Patti, Albani, Heilbron, D'Angeri, Scalchi and Smeroschi. At the opening of the season of 1875, March 30, she was announced to the role of Mathilde in Rossini's "William Tell," This was regarded then as being beyond her powers, but no words of disappointment followed her resumption of that role at the opening of her third season, March 28, 1876. On the contrary, the critics spoke of her as "bright, fresh, intelligent and charming." She has latterly acquitted herself with distinction in some of the most important among prima-donna parts.

A CLAIM FOR ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Confirmation of the statements contained in the appended communication will be thankfully received. Denials need not be written. The force of the narrative is weakened by the "about the year 1837," and also by the remark that "E. P. Christy was the starter of this 'snap.'" Christy himself claimed for his minstrel band that it was "organized in 1842" only. In point of fact, in 1842-3 it was a mere dance-party. If, as our Rochester correspondent asserts, Christy had a minstrel party "about 1837," it took him nine years to transfer the novelty from Rochester to New York. It was not until 1843-4 that Daniels and Dick Sliter were in a bona-fide minstrel party. The late Barney Williams organized this troupe; he claimed that it was the *third* in existence), and in it, he also claimed, the jawbone was played in a minstrel band for the first time, the player being Daniels. Dick Sliter joined the party at Hudson, N. Y.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 28, 1877.

ED. NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir.* I have watched for a long time in your paper the controversy going on in regard to the origin of negro minstrelsy. Now, allow me to give you a few facts in regard to E. P. Christy and his troupe, and from this you will see that minstrel business first put in an appearance in this city, the home of Charles Backus, Morris Bros., Dick Sliter, E. P. Christy, John Daniels, John Diamond, and many others. About the year 1837 the following named gents were giving entertainments at what was then known as Child's alley, now Fine street. They were E. P. Christy, Dick Sliter, John Daniels and John Perkins, a negro jig-dancer who played on the jaw bone. This party gave entertainments at three cents each admission, "and the narrator of this article tended door." This party all blacked up. They had bones, tambourine, banjo (made out of a gourd), fiddle, jaw-bone (horse's), and triangle. The bones used were horse-rib, fifteen inches long; and only one pair was used. There were two other men that belonged to the party, that are now forgotten. The narrator of E. P. Christy was the starter of this "snap." It made money. It was worked on the commonwealth plan, and they whacked up every night after the show was over. They went from here to Buffalo, where they all stayed many years—in fact, giving this city the shake, and making Buffalo their home. John Perkins, the negro herein named, was the best jig-dancer in his day. He taught Dick Sliter, John Diamond, "Juba" (a negro), and many others of that stripe. The narrator of this (to me) knows all the negro minstrel men, especially the old ones, in the profession. He sat in school with Lance Durand and knows D. D. Emmett. He says that this was the first party that got up a whole show. "for they did not, but the most of it was dancing." Now, Mr. Editor, please place negro business to the credit of this city, and oblige

JAMES MCMULLEN JR.

In this connection we take the opportunity to reach the eye of Mr. D. D. Emmett, whose direct address we lack, and who, in his history of the Virginia Minstrels, wrote us as follows from Chicago on May 1: "I can only speak from hearsay concerning William Whitlock. When Mr. Charles White, who is always posted in these matters, was in the city of Chicago, he informed me that Whitlock had died long before our great fire (1871)." It had been repeatedly stated in these columns—notably in our obituary of R. W. Pelham in November last, and again in our review of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" last February—that Mr. Whitlock was living in this city. But we so frequently hear the veteran minstrel spoken of as dead that we have deemed it due to his old companion, Mr. Emmett, to furnish him with an authoritative confirmation of what we have from time to time published. Accordingly, we wrote to San Francisco, where one of Mr. Whitlock's daughters was temporarily residing. The lady had meanwhile gone to San Rafael with her husband, whose health is improving; but through the courtesy of Mr. John H. McCabe, actor and dramatic agent, who forwarded our query, we have received the following reply:

SAN RAFAEL, MAY 13, 1877.

J. H. MCCABE.—*Dear Sir:* In answer to Mr. Queen's question, I can say that, at last accounts from my father, Mr. W. M. Whitlock, in April, he was living with his daughter in the upper part of New York; and, although having been paralyzed twice, he seems likely to live for some time to come. Respectfully yours,

MRS. EDWIN ADAMS.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS--CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XIX.

IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME:

Authors and Critics, Plays and Playhouses.

Oldys, in one of his manuscripts, intimates that authors had their benefits on the first day of a new play; but in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth the second day appears to have been appropriated to their remuneration. It is not known when the custom of giving the third day commenced; but it seems that in 1612 it was an established usage, although instances occur at a subsequent period (particularly between 1625 and 1641) of their having the second day. The profit of three representations did not become the established right of authors till after the year 1720. Otway had only one, and this his necessities frequently obliged him to mortgage before the representation. When an author sold his piece to the proprietors of a theatre, it could not be performed by any other company; but when that was not the case, he caused it to be published. This, however, seemed rather to be an act of self-defense—to prevent the sale of surreptitious copies, than for the sake of emolument. Marston, in his preface to "The Malcontent," 1604, seems to regret the necessity of it:

"One thing only affects me—to think that scenes invented merely to be spoken should be *inforcively* published to be read; and that the least hurt I can receive is to do myself the wrong. But since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have, therefore, myself set forth this comedy."

About twenty nobles (£6 13s. 4d.) seems to have been the usual price of the copyright of a play in Shakespeare's time. The printed play was sold for sixpence, and the usual present of a patron for a dedication was forty shillings. Dramatic poets had free admission to the theatres. Every play was licensed by the Master of the Revels before it could be performed. His fee, in the time of Elizabeth, was a noble (about one dollar and a half); but at a subsequent period it was two pounds.

It was usual to carry table-books to the theatre, to note down passages which were made matter of censure or applause. This may account for some mutilated copies of Shakespeare's plays which are yet extant. The custom of "damning" a play on its first representation is at least as ancient as Shakespeare's time. No fewer than three plays of Ben Johnson seem to have suffered this fate.

Before the performance commenced, and between the acts, the audience amused themselves in various ways, reading, playing at cards, drinking ale, and smoking tobacco. Refreshments were supplied by attendants, who cried their articles with as much vociferation as our modern purveyors. In 1633, women smoked tobacco in the theatre as well as men. The superior class of the spectators, in what were termed the private theatres, were allowed to sit on the stage. Here the fastidious critic was usually to be met with, the wit ambitious of distinction, and the gallant who was studious of the display of his apparel or his person. Either seated or else reclining on the rushes on the floor, they regaled themselves with pipe and tobacco, which their attendant pages furnished. The felicity of their situations excited envy, or their affectation and impertinence disgust, among the less polished part of the audience, who frequently vented their spleen in hissing, hooting, and throwing dirt at the intruders on the stage. It was the cue of these gallants to display their high breeding by an entire disregard of the proceedings of the ill-mannered rabble; but the spleen of the audience was not vented merely on these interlopers: the players were frequently victims to their caprice, of which the following extract from Gayton's "Notes on Don Quixote," 1654, furnishes a lively picture:

Men come not to study at a playhouse, but love each expressing those violent passions which in time insinuate themselves into their capacities. "Lingua," that learned comedy of the contention betwixt the five senses for superiority, is not to be profitted on the common stage, but it is only proper for an academy; to them bring "Jack Drum's Entertainment," Green's "Tu Quoque," "The Dwell at Home," Edmonton's "Jovial Crew," or the holy dayes, when saylers, watermen, shoemakers, butchers, and apprentices are at leisure, then it is good policy to send those violent spirits with some tearing tragedy full of fights and skirmishes, as "The Guelphs and Gubilins," "The Greeks and Trojans," or "The Three London Apprentices," which commonly ends in six acts; the spectators generally surrounding the stage, and making a most bloody catastrophe among themselves than the players did. I have known upon one of these *festivals*—but es pecially at shrove-tide, where the players have been appointed, notwithstanding their bills to the contrary, to act what the major part of the company had a mind to—mistrial upon mistrial, as "Tamerlane," sometimes "Jugurth," sometimes "The Jew of Malta," and sometimes parts of all these; and at last, none of the three taking, they were forced to undress and put off their tragick habits, and conclude the day with "The Merry Milk Maides." And unlesse this were done, and the popular humor satisfied (as sometimes it so fortun'd that the players were refractory), the benches, the tiles, the lathes, the stones, oranges, apples, nuts, flew about most liberally; and, as there were mechanics of all professions, who fell to pulling down one to his own trade, and dissolved a house in an

HARTFORD vs. CINCINNATI.

A game which was especially distinguished by bad fielding was played by these clubs at Cincinnati, O., May 22. After Holdsworth and Start had both been put out the first inning, Foley muffed Burdock's easy ground-hit, and allowed him to reach first base. Then a single by Carey and a double by Ferguson brought in two runs. In the second inning Cassidy got a safe hit, but Harbidge went out on a foul-tip. Larkin followed with a base-hit, when a wild pitch let Cassidy in. Another base-hit by Holdsworth and a fumble by Manning let in another run. An overthrow home by Hallinan in the third inning from Harbidge's easy hit let in two more runs. The Reds scored a run in the third inning on Ferguson's wild throw to first off Mathews' hit, together with a base-hit by Cuthbert and sacrifice hits to first base by Pike and Manning. They scored two more runs in the fifth inning on Mathews' base-hit, a passed ball by Carey at short-stop, and Manning's two-baser to right. Their other run was earned in the seventh inning by base-hits of Manning, Addy and Foley.

HARTFORD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
H'ldsw'th, c. f.	5	0	3	2	2	0	Cuthbert, l. f.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Start, 1st b..	5	0	0	9	0	1	Pike, c. f....	5	0	0	4	1	0
Burdock, 2 b.	5	1	1	2	3	1	Manning, s. s	5	0	3	2	0	2
Carey, s. s..	5	1	2	1	2	0	Hallinan, 2 b	5	0	0	3	2	0
Ferguson, 3b	5	1	2	2	1	1	Addy, r. f...	5	1	2	0	1	0
York, l. f....	5	1	2	1	0	0	Jones, 1st b.	4	0	0	13	1	0
Cassidy, r. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0	Foley, 3d b..	4	0	2	2	3	1
Harbidge, c.	4	0	0	8	0	3	Hicks, c....	4	0	0	4	1	0
Larkin, p....	4	1	0	1	4	2	Matthews, p.	3	2	0	0	1	1
Totals..	43	6	11	*26	11	10	Totals..	40	4	9	27	10	7
Hartford.....	2	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—6
Cincinnati.....	0	0	1	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—4

First base on errors—Cincinnati, 6; Hartford, 7. Umpire, Mr. Brady.

* In the seventh inning, Manning, having reached first on a hit, was struck by a ball from Hallinan's bat, and was put out.

On the following day another engagement was had, when, as in the game reported above, the defeat of the home team was mainly attributable to errors, and that at a time when they led their antagonists by two runs. The manner in which the figures were obtained is described thus: The Cincinnatis scored two runs in the third inning on a base on called balls, a muff by Carey of Mathews' line-fly, a dropped fly-ball by Pike behind second base, and a wild throw by Ferguson. They scored another run in the seventh inning by a base on called balls, a wild throw of Larkin past first base to catch Addy rapping, and two base-hits by Foley and Hicks. The fourth run was scored in the last inning on Jones' base-hit, a wild throw past first by Ferguson, and a base-hit by Addy. The visitors made an unearned run in the fifth inning by a base-hit, a passed ball and a wild pitch. In the seventh inning, with the score standing three to one against them, Larkin led off with a base-hit past the pitcher, and Holdsworth followed with a safe one along the left foul-line, sending Larkin to second. Start hit to Booth, and forced out Holdsworth at second, while he took first and Larkin third. He then stole second. Burdock hit to Booth, who was about to field it to first, when Hicks, seeing Larkin playing away from third, shouted: "Throw it to third!" Booth obeyed, and a fatal blunder was made; for, in changing from the play he intended making, he threw wild to Foley, and the bases were filled. Carey's base-hit brought Larkin home, and still left the bases full, with the score 3 to 2 in the Reds' favor. Ferguson batted an easy grounder straight to Hallinan, who could have easily forced out Start at home, and probably have made a double-play; but to everybody's chagrin, and to Hally's in particular, the ball went bounding on through his legs out into the field. Before Addy could get it, two men had run in; one was on first and one on third. York's hit to Booth was put to first in time to put him out; and then, while the Reds were running down Ferguson between first and second, Carey scored the visitors' fifth run.

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	HARTFORD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Cuthbert, l. f.	5	0	0	2	0	0	Holdw'th, c. f.	4	0	2	2	0	0
Pike, c. f....	4	0	1	0	0	0	Start, 1st b..	5	1	1	11	0	0
Manning, s. s	5	0	0	3	2	0	Burdock, 2 b.	5	1	1	1	2	0
Hallinan, 2 b	5	0	0	4	1	0	Carey, s. s..	5	1	2	2	2	0
Addy, r. f....	3	1	1	4	0	0	Ferguson, 3b	5	0	1	5	1	2
Foley, 3d b..	3	0	1	0	1	0	Cassidy, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Hicks, c....	3	1	1	5	0	1	Allison, c....	4	0	0	5	0	1
Matthews, p..	4	1	1	0	2	0	Larkin, p....	4	1	1	0	2	0
Totals.....	34	4	5	27	10	0	Totals.....	40	5	10	27	12	3
Cincinnati.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	1—5
Hartford.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0—5

Run earned—Hartford, 1. First base on errors—Cincinnati, 5; Hartford, 4. Balls called—on Matthews, 14; Larkin, 20. Struck out—Manning, Matthews, Allison, 3; Larkin, 11. Passed ball—Hicks, 1. Struck out—Jones, 2. Left on bases—Cincinnati, 4; Hartford, 9. Umpire, Mr. Brady. Time 2h. 20m.

BOSTON vs. LOUISVILLE.

In the first meeting between these clubs, which took place at Louisville, Ky., May 21, the Eastern nine proved several too many for their opponents, who were not allowed to score a run.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, 2d b	4	0	1	3	3	1	Hall, l. f....	4	0	0	5	0	0
Leonard, s. s	5	1	1	2	3	0	Latham, 1 b	4	0	1	14	0	1
White, 1st b	4	0	0	12	0	0	Hague, 3d b.	4	0	1	1	1	1
O'Rourke, l f	5	0	2	2	0	0	Devlin, p....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Sutton, 3d b.	3	0	0	2	1	1	Schaffer, r. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Brown, c....	3	0	0	4	0	0	Gerhardt, 2b	3	0	0	2	8	1
Morrill, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	Hallinan, 2 b	3	0	0	2	3	0
Murnan, c. f	3	0	0	1	0	0	Snyder, c....	3	0	0	2	3	1
Bond, p.....	3	1	0	1	2	1	Crowley, c. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Totals...	32	2	5	27	10	3	Totals...	31	0	3	27	18	4
Boston.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	0—5				
Louisville.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0				

First base on errors—Louisville, 2; Boston, 2. Runs earned—Boston, 3. Balls called—on Devlin, 11; Bond, 24. Strikes called—off Devlin, 26; Bond, 27. Base on called balls—Crowley, 1. Two-base hit—Morrill, 1. Three-base hit—O'Rourke, 1. Left on bases—Louisville, 4; Boston, 0. Umpire, Dan Devinney. Time, 1h. 55m.

A most exciting game was played on the 22d, though both nines were guilty of numerous errors:

BOSTON.	T.	R.	IB.	P. O.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	IB.	P. O.	A.	E.
Wright, 2d b	5	3	1	3	9	1	Hall, l. f....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Leonard, s. s	5	2	2	2	4	1	Latham, 1b	5	1	1	9	0	0
White, 1st b.	5	1	4	15	0	2	Hague, 3d b.	4	0	0	1	0	1
O'Rourke, l f	5	0	2	2	1	0	Devlin, p....	4	0	0	0	9	1
Sutton, 3d b.	4	0	1	1	2	0	Schaffer, r. f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Brown, c....	5	0	0	2	1	2	Gerhardt, 2b	4	0	0	3	3	1
Morrill, r. f	4	1	0	0	0	1

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, May 28.

LADIES' LIST.

Anderson, May
Brennan, Mrs. R. C.
Bliss, Mrs. R.
Bernard, Mrs. Mollie
Bonfanti, Marie
Burgess, Mrs. Ada
Bliss, Hattie (vocalist)
Butler, Mrs. Annie
Barry, Frankie
Casell, Mrs. Fannie (3)
Celeste, Belle
Celeste, Rose (2)
Claire, Annie (of Claire Sist.)
Delmar, Emily 6c.
Delange, Minie
De Witt, Annie
Dixon, Blanche
Dark, Lizzie
Engel, Jennie
Evangeline, Maude
Fox, Jessie
Fowle, Lillie
Fontainbleau, Miss
Forrest, Kate
Fortescue, Mrs. G. K.
Fielding, Mrs. Maggie
Gray, Ada
Gaugain, Marie (3)
Gilligan, Marguerite
Goss, Mrs. J.
Girard, Kate
Grattan, Emma
Hill, Mrs. Mary E.
Hastings, Hattie
Harrison, Alice
Hindle, Annie (4)
Herring, Fannie
Henri, Flora
Herbert, Emilie
Hunt, Fannie
Jester, Mrs. Bessie W.
Jutau, Emma
Johns, Effie
Kimberley, Bessie (2)
Kurtzwell, Johanna
Kraass, Mrs. Nelson
Kellogg, Clara Louise (2) 8c.
Lawrence, Miss (trapezist)
Lingard, Mrs. W. H.
Logan, Celia
La Rue, Belle
Lewis, Carrie
Lindsay, Jennie
Lynn, Lottie
Lancaster, Marie L.
Lillian, Grace
La Kuen Sisters (guitarists)
Lang, Ione
Miller, Mrs. A.
Maddock, Josie
McAllister, Phosa
Mortimer, Mrs. J. K.
Mell, Rose
Mortimer, Lu-lu
McKean, Gabriella
Morgan, Jennie
Moxon, Ada
Morrell, Fannie (2)
Munoz, Mrs. Laura
Maflin, Mrs. J.
May, Etta
Nelson, Nellie
O'Neil, Sadie
Parker, Georgie
Prestige, Fannie
Perley, Josephine
Perrey, Minnie
Robeson, Erba
Reinsteine, Annie
Rogers, Emma
Richmond Sisters
St. Maur, Lu-lu
Seigrist, Mrs. Sarah
St. Felix, Clementine (2)
Snyder, Mrs. Rose
Shanley, Josephine
St. Felix, Mad &c.
Thompson, Mary
Vickers, Mattie (2)
Williams, Katie
Walters, Annie
Ward, Mrs. Henry
Wiley, Dora H.
Warner, Josie
Wood, Fannie (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
West, Eva
Watson, Jeannette
Zittella, Mad.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Adams, "Tommy" (comed.)
Allen, Harry
Arthur, Joe" (comed.)
Ahrent, Carl
Allen, F. D.
Adams, Jas. (of Cole's Cir.)
Arnold Bros.
Atwater, J. B.
Atmer, H. E.
Brandt, Loke
Blossom, "Nat"
Bush, D.
Byron, O. Doud
Bradimina, — (female impers.)
Boshell, Chas.
Bennett, Frank
Bryant, "Billy" (of Bryant & Wild)
Buckley, Harry
Barlow, Wm. H.
Beaumont, Jas. E.
Brockway, W. H.
Boyd, Archie J.
Bruffey, E. C. (2)
Burns, Jno. A.
Brandini, —
Buchanan, Henry
Baylis, "Sam"
Bauland, Jacob L.
Berger, F. G. (2)
Burk, Jno. M
Baker (banjo comedy "biz")
Baldwin, Ed.
Bryant, Harry
Bruce, J. (showpainter)
Bishop, J. P.
Carlisle, Harry M.
Cooke, Louis E.
Corey, Prof. A.
Carmonna & Dixey
Clark, Willie
Cooper, agent)
Casselli, Jas.
Cronin, Wm.
Crosby, Chas. J.
Cavanagh, Hugh
Callender's Georgia Minst.
Carson, Jr., "Kit"
Callender, Chas. (2)
Costuma, D. A.
Carrillo, R. J.
Cillini, Tito
Craig, Chas.
Carvella, "Bob" (2)
Charvat, F. P.
Carlton, Wm. T.
Cody, Hon. W. F. (2)
Courtmier, Carter
Campbell, J. D.
De Haven, Claude (2)
Dixon, T. B.
Devenear, F.
Deutsch, Wm. R.
Donnelly, D. H.
Dumont, Frank 2c.
De Vere, Wm. B.
Dodge, Chas.
Dobson, F. B.
Degni, Geo. H.
Durand, Jno. W.
Dowling, J. J.
Degrey, Taylor, H.
Dudley, C. Ed.
De Haven, Geo.
Deakin, Henry
Edwards, Frank
Eugene, Mr. date Unsw. & Eugene)
Esty, —
Fields, F. (of Morris & Fields)
Forepaugh, Mr. (circus prop.)
Fredericks, O. (of Dujo & Ben Minst.)
Flynn, Tom (of O'Brien's Cir.)
French, S. Penney
Furbish, Chas. E.
Fielding, Harry
Frayne, Frank I (2)
Forepaugh, W. H.
Fortescue, Colo. E.
Forepaugh, John
Goyetche, Pierre
Golden, "Dick" (of "Evangeline"Co.)
Gardner, R. C.
Grover, B. M.
Gardiner, E. M.
Grismer, J. R.
Goshan, P.
Gunning, R. J.
Gleason, F.
Gilday, Chas.
Grover, Wm.
Gale, Walter
Gulick, Jos. A.
Griffin, Master
Gorman, Mons.
Hall, F. A.
Hoag, B. S.
Hawley, F. V.
Hague, Jr., "Sam"
Hildreth, F. D.
Hogan, W. M.
Hooper, G. W.
Henshaw, J. E.
Howard, — (of Rich.-Bernard Co.)
Hall, E. M.
Harvie, H. C.
Horne, J. V.
Hartz, Prof. Gust.
Hastings, "Dick"
Hammond, Jno. (2)
Heinrich, Ferd.
Hamilton, Wiley
Hildreth, F. D.
Henderson, Wm.
Height, "Bob"
Robinson, S.
Jarvis, J. H.
"J. E. T." (2)
Jones, Arnold
Jones, W. H.
Kine, "Jimmy"
Kelly, Jas. A.
Russell, Walters & Kelly.
Kersands, Wm.
Kernan, Jas.
Kelton, Geo. J. 6c.
Lent, S.
Lauren, Henri 3c.
Lester, "Billy"
Lucas, Sylvester G.
Murphy & Shannon
McGladdery, Owen
Morrison, Lewis
Murphy, Jos.
Marble, — (comed.)
Morse, Jule T.
Morris, W. W.
Montague, Harry
Melton, J. V.
Mora, Frank
Mitton Bros.
McVicker, John
Marks, Geo.
McSorley, T. F. (2)
Miller, Jos. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Martin, J. (of Kelly & Leon's Minst.)
Marks, J. (specialty "biz")
Mack, J. K.
Moak, J. A.
McKenzie, Jr., J. (property man)
Moore, N. (of Sprague's Minst.)
Martin, "Sam"
Murphy, "Con" T.
"M. L. P."
Mitchell, Wm.
McCarthy, Chas. F.
Miller, T. (of Cook's Cir.)
Monroe, W. O.
McDonald, Felix
Meridith, L. W.
Moulton, Ed.
McVicker, J. (of McVicker & Sand.)
Norman, "Sam"
Nichols, R. Hamilton
Nichols, Prof. T. W.
Newcombe, "Bobby" (2)
Naomi, Frank (2)
Orrin Brothers
Ogden, Geo. (pianist)
Omohondro, J. B.
Ogden, J. E.
O'Brien, J. (circus prop.)
Pendy, John
Parson, Frank
Pastor, "Tony"
Pond, C. W.
Pullman, Giles
Pico, M.
Parsons, Henry
Porter, B. C. (2)
Pearson, S. S.
Petite, Chas. W.
Percy, Harry
Plettke, Wm. (of Kelly & Leon's Minst.)
Pillot, E.
Peyser, "Dave"
Parker, H. (of Kelloge's Op. Co.)
Quine, T. (of Sol Jones' Cir.)
Reynolds, Jas. C.
Russell, J. (of Adelphi Thea., Buffalo)
Robinson, S.
Roe, Harry W.
Ringler, "Add"
Ripley, Wm.
Randolph, J. S.
Redmond, Jos.
Ryman, "Add"
Russell, Dan
Ring, Prof. (2)
Room, Jas. D. (2)
Riley, F. H.
Rankin, McKee 12c.
Richards, Chas. F.
Somers, Thos.
Soringer, A. J.
Sewell, S. N.
Seamon, Chas.
Smith, Jno. P.
Slavin, J. H.
Spriggs, Harry
Straight, "Nelly"
Sydney, Geo. S. (4)
Stanley, Ernest (2)
"S. T. F."
Sanford, Jos. (gymnast) 15c.
Sherratt, Edwin
Seymour, J. E.
Slocum, E. N. 12c.
Seroth, Geo.
Sheets, Bros.
Sullivan, C. S. (2)
Spaulding, Mr. 12c.
Shaffer, Oscar
Simmons, Wm.
Somerby, Rufus
Tobin, Prof. (2)
Tompkins, John
Tierney & Cronin
Thorne, J. H.
Taylor, Jas.
Turner, "Dick" (sketch "biz")
Thompson, John
Tuttle, Mr. (organ maker)
Taylor, Jas. R.
Trimble, Harry M.
Tillson, Wm.
Tayleure, C. W.
Victorelli, H. (2)
Villa, S. B.
White, Archie
Watson, Fred.
Williams, Gust.
Wentworth, Walter
Williamson, T. B.
Weaver, S. P.
Weber, Geo.
Wanzer, Jno. S.
Wiley, "Jerm" H.
Weltzien, Chas. F.
Wells, C. B.
Williton, F. B.
Watkins, Chas.
Wilson, Geo. E.
Washburn, L. W.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, May 28, '77.

After an extraordinary heated term, the probabilities of the past week developed an unusually cold spell, knocking Summer clothing into smithereens, and creating a feeling of love and veneration for discarded Winter attire and a desire to be as near to the kitchen-range as the temper of the cook would permit. Summer gardens, which had been hurriedly thrown open when the thermometer marked 90, collapsed like a bursted bladder when the cold wave dashed upon them, and wilted the budding plants and the foaming beer, and sent the habitues home like they had been out all night on an iceberg. We sauntered through one of these gardens, and were favored, on Monday or Tuesday evening of the past week, but there was an air of sadness and lonesomeness about the place that reminded us of the death and burial of Sir John Moore. The pretty waiter boys were standing about in groups of one, but there was a look of gloom upon their many faces that denoted the inward workings of the grief-stricken heart. Wrapped in a resurrected ulster, we sat down at a Summer-garden table. Slowly one of 'em meandered towards us. Said he, in a suppressed vocal effort: "Vas ist du haben?" We have made a study of foreign language, so the page's question took us not by surprise as we answered in vox-populi dialect: "Yah, dos ist kauld von dot Nieblungen!" He hesitated, as if he was undecided as to the correct interpretation of our vernacular; then he assailed us again: "Vas! Ist der wacht am Rhine wine, or du haben 'ein bar' lager?" "Ja! Ja!" We told you we don'd haben dot Limburger mit der hoofnagle, den he vas on der Johannisberger mit der hafeshel on dot ice!" You never saw a man look with so much surprise as that German waiter exhibited while we made our reply in the original German package. Seeing that he was not very well up in talking, we closed the discussion by saying "Eins!" A well-laden "schooner" arrived after many hours, and we were left to our reveries and solitude. The place has since been closed up to reorganize..... We have been around among those theatres and halls of mirth and music which are closed for the season, and to say that we felt our soul o'erburdened with sorrow as we stood before those temples which erstwhile made us happy in the forgetfulness of business cares and hard times, is by no means a base fabrication or deceitful perversion of the truth. Friend after friend passed by, yet not one sought to intrude upon the sacredness of our privacy with words. No sir! Not the low comedian as, in the joy of a holiday, he sought the purlieus of the lunch-room. We bespoke him mildly but earnestly: "Where be now your jibes and jests, that were wont to set the house upon a roar?" But he heeded us no more than if we had been the lonely keeper of the morgue. And as we gazed after his retreating form, we exclaimed: "What shadows we are, what pursue!" And though we, too, went for the midday lunch, we took no pleasure in the small portion of kidney-stew set before us. The heart was sad o'er the scenes of desolation around, and we longed to be at rest, from the wreck of earth's tribulations. Here we utter our protest against the very short hours of the habitue of the lunch-route is placed on the days of the holy crusade on the sabbath-day turkey.—Ed.]..... When we saw it announced that one of the celebrated jugglers had made an expose of Heller's tricks, we wondered if the great magician could not create a greater sensation by an expose of the publisher's tricks of trade upon which he relies for his revenue!..... Ah! sinful as are the ways of the world, we yet have hopes for the enlightenment of the heathen, the regeneration of the Moslem, and the perpetuation of the human race. Among the latest missionaries engaged in the good work of civilizing the barbarians of a dark age is Charles Parsloe, Esq., a reformed Chinee of the hard-shell persuasion, and a deacon in good standing in the church of the Latter-day Saints. He has recently started upon another extended pilgrimage, and he is now going round doing good. We would utter a few words in praise of

HIS MISSION.

Ah! Sin has made many a play a success,
Especially when in a Frenchified dress;
So we hope Mr. Parsloe a hit may yet gain
In the last composition of Harte and Twain!

.....We don't it seem to show a pardonable ambition when two gentlemen with *little* experience in the managerial line undertake to run a theatre which two such managers as Jarrett & Palmer failed to make a remunerative speculation? Yet Messrs. Rignold & Tillotson are trying the forlorn experiment; but it requires something more than shape to carry through such an enterprise successfully, with such an unwieldy theatre as Booth's. Will they reap the whirlwind, or something more substantial?..... "We have something sweet to tell you"—as Mr. Fort is agent for *George Knight*, must all their engagements be *Fort-Knight* ones? should the speculation prove to be abortive, would *Knight* continue to 'Hold the *Fort*!"..... The success of the dancer Rosori in her suit against the Kiralfys has probably encouraged other dancing ladies to enter the lists and endeavor to secure their legal rights. The ballet-dancer is no longer to be looked upon as a mere plaything. Have a care, ye who would trask in her smiles, and then deceert her; for the law has given her a new status, and the courts have uplifted her.....No, Jimmy; the *family* circle isn't entirely for families. Managers are always glad, however, to see *all the "house" holds!*.....Should Barnum succeed in his efforts to recover lost Charley Ross, it is probable that he will have him stuffed, and placed on exhibition in his traveling show! The dailies know nothing about this.....We take advantage of the lull in dramatic affairs to state that *June* Booth has an *August* appearance on the stage! You wouldn't think it, would you?..... "Our Jim's" ideas of Hamlet are entirely different from those of any other commentator, for he thinks that the Dane was not crazy, but drunk—"*two's full* all the time!".....The party who got up the recent Carnival is not prepared to state whether he will immediately inaugurate another one or not—probably not. It may please our friends to learn that Rex is now convalescent..... Burlesquers are much like other people, for their *backs help to support them!*..... A correspondent is informed that the yacht Vesta is not to be introduced on the stage of Daly's theatre in the play of that name..... The leg-drama may be a trifle off-color now and then; but, like truth, it will rise again. Why, we know some men who would die of grief if the auditiee were eradicated from the boards. We heard one of them say to a ballet-dancer the other day: "You're a fine *figurante*," and yet he wasn't her nephew..... But talking about "Forbidden Fruit" calls to mind the prolific author Bouciicault, who seems to have the happy knack of suiting the public tastes. Jimmy, let her have a few turns anent

DIONYSIUS THE GREAT.

Sir Dion plays "The Shaughraun" well—
Half sycophant and half menial—
And shows to us, in *genial Conn*,
A part that's most *congenial!*

.....A well-meaning member of the profession asks our opinion about going to Europe to take a part in the war between Russia and Turkey. He has done well to seek our advice. Had he asked a brother professional, he would, doubtless, have been advised to "stand not upon the order of his going, but go at once." We are not of such a blood-thirsty nature. The theatre war may do well enough for those who pant for gore, but for ourselves we should advise the *privateer* or the *family circle!* [We have tried this on several experts, but it seems to be beyond their calibre, for not a single one has manifested that keen appreciation which the joke deserves.—ED.]..... Although you may look upon these little scraps as so much superfluous effervescence, cast off at random, yet we can assure you that they cost us hours of toil, that they rack and perplex the brain, and that they rob us of many hours of peaceful slumber. Sometimes we don't feel very comical—then it's like taking codliver-oil every time we attempt to make the welkin ring. We feel then like when we miss the first prize in a hundred-thousand-dollar lottery—there is no more fun in us than there is in a new boot which the shoemaker assures us will give. Now, you may not see much in the little bit we are about to get off; but when we tell you that we never slept a wink all last night in performing it, and that it is the best you can with it, and give us the benefit and encouragement of your kind applause. Here it is: Uncle Daniel in "The Gilded Age" requires *blacking!* Col. Selby requires *Waiting!* Which accounts for the *polish* of the performance. See that? Eh? No? Well, we do not intend to exhibit; for a man who is so lost to all sense of humor and refinement can't be *much*, that's certain..... The *best* money-drawers are popular stars!..... One night last week, as we were quietly walking along Broadway, after taking in every show in the city, a seedy-looking old screw came up to us unawares, and exclaimed in startling tones: "Hello, Cap!" "Hello yourself," we answered. "Got a light?" We had no light. "Do you ever talk Turkey?" We do in turkey season. "That's good," says he; "you're one of 'em. Let's have a beer?" We had no objection. "Have another?" We took another to oblige. Having our pocket-book at home, we were permitted to liquidate the indebtedness for the beer. "Going far?" says he. "No," was our response. When we got to a lonely part of Broadway, and not a policeman in sight, he cried: "Halt!" We came to a stop, as requested. He was a wicked-looking devil, and he eyed us as if he meditated mischief. "Hold up your hands," said he. This was done to prevent us from drawing a deadly weapon. Then he put his hand in his hippocket, drew forth something that glittered in the moon's pale beams, and, in cold blood, read the following lines to us:

These facts we know about the twain
Who lived in Eden shady—
That Adam was the "first old man,"
And Eve the "leading lady!"

We wondered what he went away, whether it was brilliancy or beer?

CITY SUMMARY.

AN ENJOYABLE ENTERTAINMENT was presented at Robert Heller's Wonder Theatre during the past week, the programme being made up of some of the most attractive features of the previous programmes that have been presented here this season. The magical feats of the Fortunios and "Birth, Death and Resuscitation," the Fortunios and Misfortunes of a Handkerchief," "Ravel, the Little French Clown," "The Seventh Bullet," "The Silver Rings," and "A Curious Omelet." During the last-named trick the instantaneously disappearing bird-cage was introduced. During the second part Mr. Heller played an improvisation upon the pianoforte. The third part was devoted to Miss Heller's wonderful second-sight mystery, and in the concluding part the optical illusion entitled "The Living Pictures" was effectively presented. The spectators were apparently highly pleased, and the attendance fluctuated with the temperature of the weather, which, during the past week, was as capricious as a boarding-school miss. Despite the extraordinary depression in all branches of business, Mr. Heller's season, which closes May 31, has been long and successful; and this has been owing, in no small degree, to the energy and business qualifications of Stanley Dust, his affable and gentlemanly business-manager, who will accompany Mr. Heller to California.

CLARA MORRIS' FRIGHT.—This well-known actress came into the city from her rural residence May 22, and took a cab to visit her dressmaker. The horse had an ugly temper, and as the cab turned from University place into Tenth street the animal shied at a passing vehicle, and jumped aside so suddenly that the glass front of the cab was broken by the shafts of the other vehicle. Miss Morris fainted, and was carried into the residence of her dressmaker, which was close at hand. Some time elapsed before she was restored to consciousness.

AT TONY PASTOR'S, M. A. Tomasi's English Comic-opera Company, composed of children of from 12 to 15 years of age, performed an opera on "The Fairy and the Cobbler" during the past week to a moderately good attendance. As the performances of this troupe in the same opera were reviewed at length during a recent engagement at the Olympic Theatre, this city, they need not obtain serious attention at the present writing. Variety performances are to be resumed this week.

J. F. ZIMMERMAN left for San Francisco, Cal., May 26, to arrange for the forthcoming performances of a magician.

AT TONY PASTOR'S, which is the only variety theatre now open on Broadway, the attraction this week include Scanlon and Cronin, Master Dunn, Alex. Henderson, Frank White, George Green, Tom Granger, Ned Wambold, George Harris, N. Ainsley, Charles Campbell, Nellie St. John, and Jennie Yeamans.

MABEL LEONARD.—According to the decision of the Court, Little Mabel Leonard, actress, who had been temporarily committed to the care of F. C. Harriott, appeared before Judge Donohoe May 24, when the final disposition of the case was again adjourned until two o'clock P. M., Sept. 1 next, during which the child was recommitted to the custody of the same gentleman.

HAMILTON HARRIS acted Dazzle in "London Assurance" for the first time at the matinee performance May 19 at the Fifth-avenue Theatre. He received notice the previous night at six o'clock that he would be required to play, as there was new study for him, and he acted that night and attended the rehearsal of a new play Saturday morning, and yet found time to study his new role. Neither his name nor that of the character was printed in the house-bills. Mr. Harris is a rising young actor.

THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE closed for the season May 26, and the proposed Summer season has been abandoned. "The Princess Royal" was the attraction during the past week, with the following changes in the cast: Miss Georgie Drew acted the Princess Amalia, instead of Miss Fanny Davenport, and the attendance fluctuated with the weather and Saturday night; John B. Studley acted Kerner all the week; J. M. Francis replaced W. Davidge as Count Von Lendorff, and E. K. Collier Henry Crisp as Wolf Von Raven; and on Friday night and Saturday matinee and night J. Haworth acted Frederick Trenck and Francis Trenck, instead of Charles Coghlan.

FOR STEPHEN FISKE'S benefit at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, June 2, the programme will include selections from "Twelfth Night," with Miss Neilson as Viola; scenes from "Henry V," with George Rignold and Miss Fanny Davenport in the leading characters; Sol Smith Russell in his specialities; and the regular company in the new play entitled "Vesta."

F. B. WARDE is to act this week at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, and Miss Jeffreys Lewis is to make her reappearance after several months' absence.

AN ACTRESS ROBBED.—James M. Farrell was arraigned in the Court of General Sessions May 25, charged with having broken into the apartments of Mrs. Anna Jane (Mrs. G. H.) Gilbert, at No. 66 West Thirty-eighth street, on the night of May 14, while that lady was fulfilling her professional duties at Fifth-avenue Theatre, and with having stolen silk dresses and jewelry said to be valued at $600. The jury found the accused guilty of burglary, and he was remanded for sentence.

"VESTA," an adaptation of a successful French drama entitled "Rome Vaincue" (Rome Conquering), is to be presented at the Fifth-avenue Theatre May 28, and will be performed for one week only, as on June 4 a Summer season is to be inaugurated by the "Evangeline" Combination.

A FAILURE.—The season at Booth's Theatre, which terminates after this week, has proved to be neither an artistic nor a pecuniary success.

THE INFANT ACROBAT.—Judge Donehue, in the Supreme Court, May 25, refused to give Charles Rivers into the custody of Richard Rivers, who claimed to be his father. The Judge thought there was a lack of evidence to prove that the claimant bears the relation of parent to the boy, and the latter was, therefore, remitted to the custody of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

THE PRINCIPAL MEMBERS of the "Evangeline" Combination are requested to assemble for rehearsal at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on May 30, and the entire company on the 31st. See Stage-manager Tarr's card for particulars.

RUDOLPH ARONSON, a young and talented composer of New York, whose compositions have met with the most favorable receptions at the European musical centres, arrived in this city from Europe May 23.

DAN J. SPRAGUE, manager of the Grand Central Theatre, Galveston, Texas, arrived in town during the past week.

AT THE LONDON, Manager Harry Miner presents his patrons with an entirely new programme this week, which will include the specialities of Redmond, Miss Lillie West, George S. and Marie Nelson, Miss Susie Warren, Mlle. Saville and Young Arizona, the Arizona Brothers, Eva Merel, Geo. Donaldson, Moore and Lessenger, Wingfield and Gregory, Connors and Coleman, and Charles J. Gregory. The Zanfretta Troupe and Charles Crisdale are the only ones retained from last week's company.

THE COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE offers as its list of new-comers for the present week the Devere Bros. in their statue-clog specialities; Sam Hess in song-and-dance; Lizzie Thompson, serio-comic vocalist; Maggie Winchester, jig-dancer; Lena Irving, vocalist; Mary Mullen, dancer; and Millie Wilson, Lulu Cameron, and Hattie Baker.

AT THE FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE Miss Neilson's engagement terminated May 26. "Romeo and Juliet" was acted Monday, Tuesday and Thursday nights with the following cast: Romeo, Eben Plympton; Escalus, Mr. Walters; Paris, Hamilton Harris; Montague, Mr. Trainor; Capulet, John Moore; Mercutio, Charles Fisher; Benvolio, J. Haworth; Tybalt, W. H. Crisp; Friar Lawrence, F. Hardenberg; Friar John, Mr. Ayling; Balthasar, Mr. Jenkins; Sampson, Mr. Williams; Gregory, Mr. Brown; Abram, Mr. McArtney; Page, Miss M. Chester; Apothecary, F. Bennett; Peter, W. Davidge; Juliet, Miss Neilson; Lady Montague, Miss Florence Wood; Lady Capulet, Miss Alice Grey; Nurse, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert. On Wednesday night "Twelfth Night" was acted, with Miss Neilson as Viola, and the cast as given during the previous performances of the comedy. On Friday night, for Miss Neilson's benefit, "The Lady of Lyons" was acted with the following cast: Claude Melnotte, C. Coghlan; Col. Damas, F. Hardenberg; M. Deschapelles, John Moore; Beauseant, W. H. Crisp; Glavis, John Drew; Landlord, W. Beekman; Gaspard, F. Bennett; Notary, Mr. McArtney; Pauline, Miss Neilson; Mme. Deschapelles, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert; Widow Melnotte, Miss Alice Grey. This was followed by the balcony-scene from "Romeo and Juliet," with George Rignold as Romeo and Miss Neilson as Juliet. Although the prices for seats in the orchestra were raised to $2 each, the auditorium was crowded in every part. During the performances Miss Neilson was enthusiastically applauded, and frequently called before the curtain, when she was presented with magnificent floral offerings, most conspicuous among which was a model of a steamship some four feet in length, and a harp of lilies-of-the-valley about three feet high. At the matinee Saturday "The Lady of Lyons" was repeated, the only change in the cast being the substitution of Miss Fanny Davenport for Miss Neilson in the role of Pauline. On Saturday night Miss Fanny Davenport received her annual benefit, when another large and brilliant audience crowded the auditorium, the prices for orchestra seats being $2.50 each. "The Hunchback," with the following powerful cast, comprised the bill: Master Walter, C. W. Couldock; Sir Thomas Clifford, C. Coghlan; Modus, Eben Plympton; Fathom, W. Davidge; Lord Tinsel, John Drew; Wilford, H. Harris; Master Heartwell, John Moore; Stephen, F. Bennett; Thomas, O. B. Jenkins; Julia, Miss Neilson; Helen, Miss Fanny Davenport. The play as a whole was very well acted. Mr. Couldock, Barrington, Miss Modus, who was to have acted Master Walter, was ill in Philadelphia, and had been forbidden by his physician to undertake the journey to this city, kindly volunteered to act that character, and gave it a manly, vigorous portrayal. Mr. Coghlan appeared to unusually good advantage as Sir Thomas. Eben Plympton made quite a hit as Modus, being very successful in portraying the bashfulness of Modus in the love scenes with Helen. Miss Neilson's Julia is worthy of praise, her conception and embodiment of the character being correct and natural. Her improvement in acting within the past few years has been marked, and much physical force appears augmented. Miss Fanny Davenport, who acted Helen for the first time here, invested the character with much vivacity, and in the love-scenes with Modus gave the mercuriality of her temperament free rein, exciting much laughter and applause. On all of the occasions she was frequently summoned before the curtain, and the floral offerings were numerous and beautiful, the fair beneficiary, of course, receiving the largest share.

"ZEKE" CHAMBERLAIN, a popular doorkeeper, who has received the tickets at a great many places of public amusement in this city during the past twenty-five years, is to have a benefit June 1.

CARRIE GARDNER, vocalist, who has been ill during the past six months, is fast recovering her health.

AN APPEAL TO THE CHARITABLE.—Mlle. Erminia Venturoli, a premiere-danseuse, who came to this country some years ago and danced in "The Black Crook," is now living with her mother in this city in the second-story of the tenement-house in the rear of 127 East Fourth street, in a state of abject poverty, wanting even nutritious food to eat, and incapacitated by partial paralysis from pursuing her profession. Will not some of her brother and sister professionals who are more comfortably situated call upon her and do what they can to alleviate her present distress?

BROWN & BARNES' dramatic agency is advertised in this issue, and particulars are given of their mode of doing business, etc. Kate Fisher and her horse Wonder can be engaged through their office.

MISS MINNIE L. CUMMINGS is to make her debut on the stage at Booth's Theatre May 28, acting Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet."

DRAMATIC.

DONNELLY & POOLE'S Grand Opera-house Company are billed to give "Rose Michel" in Newark, N. J., May 30.

AT MCVICKER'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., Miss Rose Eytinge opened the last week of her engagement, May 21, in the character of Sarah Multon, which was repeated on the following evening and at the Saturday matinee. Her portrayal of the trying scene with the young wife evinced fine perception and delicate and artistic treatment. The scenes with the children were truthful and tender to a painful degree. Wednesday Miss Eytinge acted Camille. Mr. Lee was substituted for E. F. Thorne as Armand. Thursday "The Hunchback," with the following powerful cast, was presented: Julia, Miss Laura Don as Helen, and E. F. Thorne personating very acceptably Sir Thos. Clifford. Friday and Saturday "Led Astray" was repeated. This week "Our Boarding-house" will be given, with Messrs. W. H. Crane, Stuart Robson and McKee Rankin in the cast..... Kate Claxton and a company are to open at Haverly's Theatre May 28 in "The Two Orphans."

THE TEXAS JACK COMBINATION opens May 28 at the Pittsburg (Pa.) Opera-house. Harry Elisler, treasurer at Library Hall, is to take a benefit at that establishment May 30, upon which occasion he will make his farewell appearance in any stage.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is to perform at Lockport, N. Y., May 28, Seneca Falls 29, Auburn 30, Ithaca 31, Elmira June 1, Binghamton 2.

PLAYS can be purchased of Geo. S. Thurber, who advertises.

FRANK MAYO is to close his present traveling season in Elmira, N. Y., May 30.

AT THE BOSTON (MASS.) MUSEUM, "Our Boarding-house" held the boards all the past week, and is announced for repetition during the week. The regular season will close with a benefit to Chas. Barron, the bill consisting of "Wild Oats" and "Bamboozling." The Summer season opens 4 with the Oates Comic-opera Troupe..... At the Globe, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been the attraction, with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hoyt, D. J. Maguinness, Theo. Hamilton, E. J. Buckley, E. L. Tilton, E. B. Holmes and Gracie Wade in the cast. Business rather light. The theatre will be closed for the present..... At the Boston Theatre, "The Danichefs" has been given all the week to full houses. The piece was well put on the stage, and made a genuine sensation. After the first two nights, in consequence of the illness of C. R. Thorne Jr., the role of Osip was assumed by L. L. James, Mr. Montgomery taking Mr. James' part of De Talde, while J. W. Thorpe supplied Mr. Montgomery's place as Prince Wilhelmi. It is to be continued next week. On Thursday afternoon Miss Sara Jewett will take a benefit, the bill being "Romeo and Juliet." The Aimee French Opera Company will begin a two weeks' engagement June 4. Letter of May 26.

FROM TORONTO, Ont., our correspondent writes as follows: "Daly's Fifth-avenue Company produced 'Lemons' May 21, 22, 23, 24, with matinee on latter date, for the first time in this city, at Mrs. Morrison's Opera-house. 'The Big Bonanza' was played 25, 26. The Agnes Wallace Company begin May 28 for one week..... The company from the Academy of Music, Montreal, played 'Our Boarding-house' May 21, 22, 23, 24, 'Rosedale' 25, 26, at the Royal Opera-house. W. H. Lytell played Prof. Gillypod on the first night, after which he left to fulfill an engagement in Philadelphia, his place being supplied by A. H. Hudson, who made a hit in the character. Charles Arnott, of the Grand, received a benefit, and a recall at the end of the second act. E. A. McDowell was fair as Joseph Fioretti. M. Lanagan as Doctor Shouter, A. Selwyn as Clarence Dexter, J. F. Herne as Walter Dalrymple, and T. J. Martin as Matthew were fair. Mrs. E. A. McDowell was fair as Mrs. Eligible, and Miss Lancaster, likewise an actress. Miss Lancaster, of Manheim, but her performance lacked force in the stronger scenes. Flora Vincent made a good Mrs. Colville. Theresa Newcombe was hardly suited to the character of Mrs. Eligible. Marian Fiske as Betty made a very favorable impression, both in acting and singing, receiving several encores. She was to have returned to America well filled. Route: Hamilton 28, 29, 30, London 31, June 1, 2 Chatham 4, 5, 6, London again 7, 8, 9, St. Thomas 11, 12, St. Katharine's 13, 14, 15, 16, Hamilton again 18, 19, 20, 21, Guelph 22, 23, Toronto 25, for one week..... Dan Shelby's Congress of Stars open May 28 for one week."

THE DUNCAN COMBINATION playing "Our Boarding-house" returned to Cincinnati, O., and appeared at the Grand Opera-house during the week ending May 27, doing a good average business. The combination was to disband 27. Deakin's Lilliputian Opera Company 28.

"VESTA," an adaptation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," produced by the stock company and the Slavin Georgia Cabin Singers, held the boards at the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., during the past week. Business good. No change this week.

THE KIRALFY BROTHERS request us to deny the report that they are about to visit San Francisco, Cal., for the purpose of producing a spectacle at the Grand Opera-house. They also state that they have not authorized anyone to transact business for them there.

CLARA WILDMAN is to commence a short season in Edenburg, Pa., May 28, supported by the following company: C. S. Cowles, L. B. Warwick, W. S. Davis, George Woodward, W. V. Ranous, S. K. Coburn, O. L. Hart, F. B. Williams, George Thomas, S. E. Gardner, the Misses Louise Watson, Amy Thorne, Rose Watson, Ada Foy and Mary Warren.

"EILEEN ALLANNA," the drama, has been purchased from the author, W. T. Dulany, by C. T. Nichols, who announces in his card elsewhere that he is prepared to negotiate with managers for its production.

AIMEE produced "La Jolie Parfumeuse" May 22, "La Fille de Madame Angot," matinee 23 and "La Belle Helene," 23, in Detroit, Mich., to good houses. Billed in Albany, N. Y., 30.

THE BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB, with Dora Wiley, soprano, is to appear May 27, 28, in Detroit, Mich.

MISS BESSIE DARLING can be communicated with for engagements through her agent, W. H. Bishop, as per card.

THE STOCK COMPANY at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for next season will include W. E. Sheridan, J. Ferguson, George H. Griffiths, Charles H. Bradshaw, W. Herbert, Bedford Williams, F. W. Sanger, E. Barnum, J. F. Brennan, H. Bave, Geo. D. Errall, H. C. Kennedy, W. Murillo and F. F. Mackay, Miss Lillie Glover, Miss Lillian Conway, Mrs. E. J. Phillips, Miss Nellie Barbour and Miss Anabel Dudley.

GEORGE HOEY, who was engaged for the next season at Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., has obtained a release from that engagement.

THE WATTY WALLACK TROUPE have closed their season, and are passing the Summer in Fort Gaines, Clay County, Georgia.

MISS JEFFREYS LEWIS of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre attended Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, L. I., May 27. After the services she was escorted by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to his residence, where she dined.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Trumansburg, N. Y., which has been refitted and supplied with scenery, etc., was to have been opened by G. E. Wilson May 26 with the following company: Frank Allen, J. H. Connor, L. Eddinger, G. W. Smith, Dave Williams, Charles Irving, G. E. Wilson, the Misses Ruby Milton, Jennie Allen, Annie Campbell, Laura Morgan, Ella Osborne, and Emma Franklin. An orchestra and a brass band, Prof. Morse, club swinger; and the Hausner Brothers—William and Edward—are among the attractions.

MRS. CHANFRAU'S COMBINATION closed their traveling season in Syracuse, N. Y., May 26, and the company returned to New York City 27, and disbanded.

D. H. HARKINS will commence a starring tour in September, appearing in two new plays, also in "Metamora," which he has purchased from John McCullough, and several of his New York successes. Managers can address Horace Wall, dramatic agent, or as per advertisement.

JOHN MURRAY and a dramatic company are billed to perform in Skowhegan, Me., May 28, 29, 30.

J. B. POLK, M. V. Lingham and

THE ALHAMBRA PALACE, Philadelphia, was re-opened May 24 under the management of E. W. Woolcot. The entertainment given was a varied one, commencing with the farce of "The Young Lover," including the new ballet entitled "The Mysterious Isle," in which Mlle. De Rosa and ballet corps appeared; M. O'Reardon's, "Tumbleronicon," Mlle. Zoe on the flying rings, the Ulm Sisters in Tyrolean songs, Sig. R. Morosco in a gymnastic act, Mr. Daly's concertina-solo, the Misses Daly, Andress, Frankie Howard, Fannie Florence, and Verdie Alvis, and Messrs. Fred D. Harris and W. H. Singleton in sentimental and serio-comic vocalism, concluding with the comic ballet-pantomime entitled "Serenading," in which Sig. Arnoldo, Wm. Franklin, Mons. Gavant, and John F. Raymond appeared. A portion of the above programme was given in the beautiful garden attached to the theatre. A large attendance was noticeable on the opening night.

THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, was well attended last week, the new faces May 21 being John Wild, Miss Erba Robeson, Goss and Fox, Miss Ida Morris, Frank Lewis, Tim Rogers, Miss May Taylor, Charles J. Young, and T. Grattan Riggs in the concluding sensational drama of "Shin Fane." The management have set aside Tuesday and Friday of each week as "ladies nights." The arrivals announced for May 28 are Landis Brothers, the twin sisters French, the Rixford Brothers, Thomas Chapman and Wm. Eunice.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

MME. RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS are to entertain the public of Ogdensburg, N. Y., May 28, Montreal, P. Q., 29, 30, 31, Sherbrooke June 1, Portland, N. H., 2, Portland, Me., 4, 5, Rockland 6, Bath 7, Lewiston 8, Augusta 9.

SPRAGUE & BLODGETT'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS are to show in Pontiac, Mich., May 28, St. Johns 29, Greenville 30, Iona 31. Irving Lorenzo joined the troupe in Detroit 25.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS showed in Oldtown, Me., May 23, Bangor 24, Belfast 25, Rockland 26, thence to Urich's Island.

CAL WAGNER'S MINSTRELS opened at the Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., May 21, and fair business attended their efforts during the week. The singing of Messrs. Reese, Howard, Hunt and Hawkins was good, Cal Wagner and Sam Price did the funny work, and the rest of the bill was furnished by the Kine Bros., J. D. Kelly and Harry Pierson. Add Weaver Jr. appeared with the troupe during the latter part of the week. Route: Hannibal, Mo., May 28, Quincy, Ill., 29, Keokuk, Ia., 30, Burlington 31, Monmouth, Ill., June 1, Galesburg 2. At Keokuk the quartet will take part in the Decoration-day ceremonies, by special invitation of the citizens.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREELS appeared before a very large audience at the Grand Opera-house, Reading, Pa., May 25. They played in Harrisburg 26, and are billed in Lancaster 28, Baltimore, Md., 29, for five nights, Washington, D. C., June 4, for one week, Philadelphia 11, for a like period.

SWEATNAM & FRASER'S MINSTRELS performed in Reading, Pa., May 24 to moderate business.

JOHNSON'S VIRGINIA MINSTRELS appeared at the New Adelphi Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending May 26.

W. H. BROCKWAY, the interlocutor of Sweatnam & Fraser's Minstrels, who has for several weeks confined to his residence in Philadelphia by rheumatic fever, is recovering, and expects to be able to join the troupe during their traveling season.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS play a week's engagement at the Arch-street Thratre, Philadelphia, commencing May 28.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS are billed for Fort Wayne, Ind., May 29.

THE MOST NOTABLE EVENT of the past week in Chicago, Ill., was the reopening of the Adelphi Theatre, under the exclusive management of J. H. Haverly, May 21, before an audience which filled the spacious house in every part. The attraction was Haverly's Minstrels, twenty-five of whom participated in the first-part, with Messrs. George Wilson and Matt Wheeler on the ends. The orchestra was of more than usual excellence, while the vocal parts of the music were well sustained by eight voices. The second-part opened with Add Ryman in a stump-speech on "Reform or Perish." The quartet—Messrs. Dixon, Welling, Roe and Freeth—merited the recalls they received. Primose and West gave some remarkable exhibitions in songs-and-dances, and later gave a double-clog; Billy Rice in "Amu-let," accompanied by Freeth and Ryman, made a hit; Master Barney was good in his specialties; while Billy Carter as banjo-soloist was very amusing. The programme closed with a clever travesty on "Our Boarding-house," entitled "Our Hash-house," which brought out the full strength of the company. The theatre has undergone a thorough renovation, is nightly performed, and the management announces that "ladies' nights" for the future, when no cigars or beer to offend their presence. The minstrels continue another week, with entire change of programme. Letter of May 26.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS appeared at the Front Residence (R. I.) Opera-house May 21, 22, 23, to fair houses. The entertainment was good.

CIRCUSES.
The Great Universal Fair and World's Wonder Exposition.

THE ORGANIZATION AND ASSETS.

THE PROPRIETOR AND OFFICERS are as follow: Proprietor, Wm. O. Monroe; general manager, Frank E. Willis; assistants, Henry Buckley Jr. and Col. Madiern; general contracting-agent, Joseph Hutchinson; press-agent, Ike Wood; treasurer, Harry Amler; master of canvas, Sam Chandler; master of stalls, Jessie Barry; chief of pasteboard, Col. Cady; assistants, Charles Allison and Ed Cotton; master of wardrobe, Charles Allison; master of transportation, George Monroe; director of street-parades, F. Willis.

CLOWNS—Sam McFlinn and George Maddern.

COMPANY—John Barry, bareback rider; Ruffallo, "The Wild Comanche Indian;" Josephine Eppisoff, pad rider; Rosa Mahretta, manege; Mlle. Lusando, rider; Messrs. Barry, Luando, Weems, Tinkham, Sears, Eppisoff, Wilson, and Ruffallo, leapers and vaulters; the Lusando Brothers, John and William, trapeze; Rosa Mahretta and Miss Eppisoff, female gymnasts; and Mme. Mahretta's troupe of trained dogs, six in number.

MENAGERIE—Twenty cages, led by the Golden Swan band chariot, an open den of lions, and a den, with plate-glass, containing ten East India pythons.

TRICK HORSES—Spot, Beauty and Fire King; trick mules, Pete and Barney; three tents.

SIDESHOWS—Two; proprietor, Charles Cooper; one to be exhibited in the town and the other on the lot with the show. Attractions—Prof. Hunter, magician and lightning-and-Judy performer; Mme. Zalette Gazenne, Circassian lady; performing bears and four cages of animals. Concert performers, Josephine Eppisoff, pad rider; Rosa Mahretta, manege; Mlle. Lusando, rider; Messrs. Barry, Luando, Weems, Tinkham, Sears, Eppisoff, Wilson, and Ruffallo, leapers and vaulters; the Lusando Brothers, John and William, trapeze; Rosa Mahretta and Miss Eppisoff, female gymnasts; and Mme. Mahretta's troupe of trained dogs, six in number.

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THAYER & NOYES' CIRCUS is to show in Washington, Pa., June 4, Steubenville, O., 5, Cadiz 6, Urichsville 7, Coshocton 8, Newark 9, Columbus 11.

CURTIS & DE HAVEN'S ROMAN HIPPODROME is exhibiting in the oil regions of Pennsylvania.

CUNNINGHAM & BARBER have purchased the sideshow privileges with the New York Circus.

BARNUM'S Show and Howes' London Show had a "red hot" newspaper war in Worcester, Mass., recently.

CHALET, now with Harris & Story, offers his services to sideshow managers. See card.

JOHN B. ROBINSON'S CIRCUS is to exhibit in Deposit, N. Y., May 30, Susquehanna, Pa., 31, Great Bend, N. Y., June 1, Binghamton 2, Owego 4, Waverly 5, Elmira 6, Corning 7, Avon 8, Dansville 9.

O'BRIEN'S CIRCUS is billed in New Haven, Ct., May 29, Hartford, 30, Rockville June 1, Norwich 2, Westerly, R. I., 4, Kingston 5, Phœnix 6, Providence 7, Warren 8, Fall River, Mass., 9.

THE AMERICAN AND FRENCH CIRCUS, under the management of James V. Cameron and the proprietorship of A. J. Tubbs, gave two performances at Passaic, N. J., May 23 under difficulties. The Sheriff of Passaic County received an order to attach the property immediately on that date, unless a claim of Sears & Co. of New York, amounting to $300, was paid. Upon the representation that the money would be paid, the performances were permitted to continue; but at the conclusion of the evening's entertainment, no money being forthcoming, the Sheriff took possession of the property and held it until the 25th, when matters were settled. Some person or persons cut the main guy-ropes while the canvas was being taken down, and a number of persons who were watching the proceedings narrowly escaped from the falling poles. Paterson correspondence, dated May 26.

HOWES' LONDON CIRCUS exhibited in Woonsocket, R. I., May 23, Pawtucket 24, Providence 25, 26, and is billed in Taunton, Mass., 30, New Bedford 31, Brockton June 1, Cambridge 2, Boston 4, to continue the rest of the week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ATHENÆUM, Columbus, O., can be rented for the Summer season, and, as advertised by Robinson & Jefferson, on the easiest terms. They have an open date for race-week.

F. L. LOWELL & CO., panoramic-artists, have removed their business to Chicago, Ill., where they can be addressed as per card, in which they offer scenery for sale.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF WAX-FIGURES and a panorama are advertised for sale by John B. Von Kamp.

MRS. N. F. PORTER, mother of Major Tot, dwarf, is lying dangerously ill in Hudson, N. Y.

A MINSTREL, theatrical or variety combination can secure Rouse's Hall, Bucyrus, O., for the dates June 20, 21, during the Old Firemen's State Tournament, by applying to Fulton & Kaler, as per card.

PROF. DARE, high-rope performer, is to give street-exhibitions in Potsville, Pa., May 28, St. Clare 29, Reading 30, Reading 31, Potstown June 1, Phœnixville 2, Bridgeport 4, Philadelphia 5.

HEYWOOD BROS.' COMBINATION exhibited in Big Rapids, Mich., May 24, Greenville 25, Ionia 26.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Oil City, Pa., will be closed June 2 for the purpose of rebuilding. The new house will be completed by about Aug. 20. Combinations desiring time are requested to address Sam T. Jack, as per advertisement.

THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION, Philadelphia, has been fairly patronized since the opening on July 10, the receipts so far being more than sufficient to cover all the expenses incurred. The board of directors occupied several hours on May 21 in the discussion of the proposal to open the building on Sunday, and as a result the proposal was negatived. There were nearly 30,000 visitors present on Saturday, May 26.

THE SPRING EXHIBITION at the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, will close June 2.

M. B. COWLES, advance-agent, advertises for an engagement.

SIGNOR BOSCO, magician, will exhibit in Hamilton, N. Y., May 29, 30, 31, and Earlville June 1, 2, 4.

THE NATIONAL PRINTING COMPANY of Chicago, Ill., publish a card stating that, although the fire of May 28 entailed a loss of $50,000 on them, they have made arrangements to resume business in a week or two. In the meantime the interests of their regular customers will be guarded, as usual. Their presses are not seriously injured, and their type is intact, the destruction being principally among wood-cuts and printed stock. The cuts will be replaced before the opening of the Fall season by new designs. The loss is fully covered by insurance. For further particulars read the advertisement.

THE ROCHESTER (N. Y.) OPERA-HOUSE can be rented by combinations after June 6, or secured on sharing terms. See Manager Lempert's card.

POWERS' NATIONAL MUSEUM exhibits at Prytleville, Md., May 28, Bangor 29, Found Grove 30, Norrisville 31, Blue Rocks June 1, Jarrettsville 2, Upper Cross Roads 4, Little York, Pa., 10. The Museum is now traveling by wagon, and doing a fair business. An agent, or a party with capital to act as manager and agent, is advertised for.

A PANORAMA of the Centchnial is advertised for sale cheap.

PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE can secure accommodations at the Parkinson House, Washington, D. C., at the advertised rate.

THE THIRD-AVENUE THEATRE, this city, is advertised as open for rental, or it can be engaged on sharing terms.

ASSEMBLY HALL, Richmond, Va., with its scenery, stage-properties, etc., was sold at public auction May 21 by the high-constable of that city for ground rent. The purchaser was E. King, trustee for Mrs. Robb (owner of the land), for $325.

A PAIR of ceiling-walking shoes is advertised for elsewhere.

AMATEUR.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia produced "Caste" on May 23 at their theatre, in that city, Miss Mary Claire then making her reappearance here, and sustaining the part of Esther.

"BLUE GLASS" and "Robert Macaire" constituted the programme presented May 25 at the Eleventh-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, on the occasion of the complimentary benefit to Messrs. Moran and Wright.

THE MIRROR DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia gave their first regular performance May 17 at the Amateur Dawing-room, in that city, the programme consisting of "Love in '76" and "To Paris and Back for Five Pounds."

THE GARRICK DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia performed "David Garrick" May 23 at Concordia Hall, that city.

THE ENTRE NOUS DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Paterson, N. J., presented "Kathleen Mavourneen" on May 22 quite creditably.

THE BARRETT DRAMATIC CLUB of Detroit, Mich., May 25 produced a new play, "The Two Lives," written expressly for the club by J. C. Macy.

THE CINCINNATI DAVENPORT CLUB is to perform "Fashion" May 29 at Robinson's Opera-house for the benefit of the Home of the Friendless of that city.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"LA POUDRE D'ESCOMPETTE," a three-act vaudeville, by MM. Bocage and Hennequin, was recently first acted at the Varieties Theatre, Paris, France. The plot is as follows:

Three worthy citizens, Montengraine, Beausale and Dubocal, have got wind of an enterprise that promises to be most lucrative—nothing less than mineral sulphur waters said to have been discovered at Pantin, outside Paris. Engineers and architects have drawn up plans which show clearly how one of the squalid of the northern suburbs can be transferred into an earthly paradise, which will attract all the tourists of the globe, and retain them, to the great detriment of the Winter resorts of the South. Such a colossal idea fairly electrifies the three friends, and they at once join to provide the necessary capital for the undertaking. A joint-stock company is formed, of which Beausale and Dubocal are the directors and Montengraine the chairman. Everything was going on splendidly when the chief, and only shareholder in the concern, one Billembois, who is savage at not being on the directorate, constitutes himself the living nightmare of his associates. He wakes them up at all hours of the night to demand the balance-sheets and books of the company; is constantly theatening them with legal proceedings; foretells that Cassignol, the manager, and Grenouillet the cashier will rob the safe; and that the whole party will finish by appearing in the police-court for having misunderstood or neglected the interests of their only shareholder. The three honest directors, alarmed by these gloomy vaticinations, call the cashier, and find him absent. He has left his books in confusion; they open a ledger and find an erasing-knife between its leaves. This is a serious sign. They proceed to examine the manager, but he also has disappeared, and on his desk is discovered an open letter, without address, in which is written: "All is discovered; I'm off to Belgium." These revelations fall like a thunderbolt on the heads of the worthy trio. They imagine what may be the consequences of the catastrophe, fancy themselves ruined and dishonored, and, remembering Billembois' threats to bring them all to justice, at last decide that no escape is open to them except to take flight themselves. Having no money about them, they also agree to carry off the cash-box of the company, to which, by law, they had every right, as it only contains the capital subscribed by themselves. At this awful moment the cocked hat of a gendarme appears to put a climax on their alarm, and the three friends make off as fast as they can for the Belgian frontier. It is time to mention that the three unfortunate directors of the Pantin Thermal Society are the victims of a mistake. The manager and cashier have left the office, not through any dishonest motive, but simply to carry on their respective love affairs. The latter had only used his cracking knife to remove a huge splash of ink that fell on the ledger when he was romping with Montengraine's cook, Catherine, and the letter in Cassignol's handwriting had been merely intended for his mistress, with whom he desired to break off relations under pretext that he was obliged to flee the country. Instead of the gendarme, he is only a Belgian, who has come from Mons on leave for the purpose of marrying Catherine. The three friends are, however, nevertheless under the full belief that they are tracked by the police, for they are relentlessly followed by the Belgian gendarme, who is determined to obtain Montengraine's consent to his marriage with that gentleman's cook. Such is their affright that they become capable of any enormity. By a series of mistakes, which it would take half a column to detail, they come to take Madame Cesarine Billembois for a spy, and, acting under this hallucination, gag her and carry her off in a cab with themselves to Pantin Railway Station, where we again find the three worthies, concealed with her in an immense packing-case. This is the last act in the station is full of such extravagant fun that it assured the full success of the piece. It contains two or three scenes of the most laughable kind. Some sale, disguised as a telegraph-clerk, is directed by the station-master to ask assistance from Paris to enable him to arrest three culprits who have been denounced by Cesarine, that lady having at last contrived to escape from her bondage. Beausale jerks the handles of the telegraph machine in all directions, and, to his great surprise, the bell rings and the reply from Paris arrives. He discusses the contents of some old but exceedingly acceptable copies of THE CLIPPER during the evening. On the second day out we had an exciting kite-race. Three kites were soon raised from different parts of the vessel at the same time, and the holders of each strove to send his kite up higher and farther than the others. Over a thousand feet of line was paid out each, the gang seizing all the string they could lay hands on. Two of the kites were lost; but the third, held by James Robinson, was brought safe to the deck of the ship. We arrived at Port Adelaide about 8 A. M., and the colonials—who had heard of "the wild-beast show," as they call it when we come, and "the Yankee trick" when we leave—were on hand to meet and gratify their curiosity of these people, many of whom have never before seen an elephant, is great. They climb over a vessel, gaze at the cages, peer at the canvas, and finally stand in awe before the elephant, exclaiming: "My eye, Bill, but 'ees a reglar rum un, aint hee" and they try your knowledge, but finally reward you in full measure by filling your canvas night after night. The port is seven miles from Adelaide, and connected therewith by rail. The company rode up to the town in the small compartment-carriages, English style, while the wagons went up the road. Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, has a population of 30,000, while the colony numbers 230,000. Within a radius of ten miles from the City Hall there is a population of 60,000. The town is regularly laid out, all the streets crossing at right angles. It is surrounded on the four sides by broad thoroughfares, known as North, South, East and West Terraces. Beyond these terraces are the Government reserves, known as Park lands, planted with trees and affording some fine drives. Parks filled with flourishing shrubs and trees adorn the Park lands, and those of the Botanic Gardens are the finest in Australia. The gentleman in charge of them, Dr. Schomergh, is a skilled botanist. Connected with the garden is a small zoological collection, embracing three Bengal tigers, three leopards, a tiger-cat, an Arabian camel, several zebras, deer, and a full collection of Australian marsupials. The architecture of the place is good, while there are several buildings of which any city might feel proud. The hotels are numerous and up to the average of Australian hotels, which is not saying a great deal for hotels here appear to be run principally for the bars attached to them. Bar-maids serve at all bars—a system with many attendant evils and no redeeming features. Women step in and drink at the bar very often, and you can see men, women and children running in and out with their pitchers of beer. Drinking is carried to a far greater excess here than in the United States or Canadas. The people are quiet, orderly and sociable. In fact, the people of Adelaide surpass those of most towns and towns in their kindness and courtesy to strangers. There is an Opera-house capable of holding from $500 to $1,000, at $1.25, 75c., 50c. and 25c. prices. At present this place is occupied by Lyster's English opera Company, who are playing at the above prices, under the management of Allison & Lewis, to full houses. A hall known as White's Room is also used for amusements. It will hold 800 at 25c., 50c. and 75c. These two places form the respectable amusement places of the city, although the City Hall is frequently utilized for concerts, etc. It will seat 1,500, and hold 1,800 if filled. Wilson's Circus played here for two weeks to good houses, and then went up the country. It was followed by Burton & Taylor's Circus, which in turn became Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s International, opening on the 10th, and closing to-night, after ten days of business which rescinded the palmy days of the Barnum Show. Good performances afternoon and night, and were comfortably filled every afternoon, crowded almost every night, and turned away people three nights out of the ten. The receipts have averaged over $5,000 a day, the prices being $1.25, 75c. and 50c. The show was splendidly advertised, and people came from far and near to see it. The great drawing power is the menagerie, nearly all lions—a fact which are now seen for the first time by these good people. The programme with which they opened was as follows:

1. Grand Entree.
2. Performing Elephant. Introduced by G. W. Johnston
3. La Perche.....Satsuma and Little All-right
4. Principal Pirouette and Somersault Act....Fred Barclay (Nat Austin, Shakspearian Jester)
5. Single Trapeze.....Signoretta Zenobia
6. Jockey Hurdle Act.....William Gorman
7. Le Deux Comiques.....Walhalla Brothers
8. Riding Cynocephalus, introduced by James Robinson
9. Feats of strength and dexterity, concluding with the firing of a heavy cannon borne on the shoulders of the French female Sampson.....Mme. Datalie (Assisted by her pupils, Addie and Ruzena.)
10. Principal Equestrienne Act.....Miss Pauline Lee (Charles Seeley, Grotesque Clown.)
11. Juggling on a Running Globe.....John Cottrell
12. Act of Changes.....Mme. Cottrell
13. Athletic Sports of the Arena.....The Company
14. Indian Act.....Fred Barclay (John Cottrell, Clown.)
15. Gymnastic Exercises.....Walhalla Brothers
16. Act of Horsemanship.....James Robinson
17. Performing Den of Lions, introduced by G. W. Johnston

This ran for a week, when six new acts were introduced, the Japs doing the Jar act, Zenobia the flying rings, Mme. Cottrell a principal act, Eugene Robinson a pony-manege act, Pauline Lee equestrienne juggling, and Leopold and the Walhallas giving the triple horizontal-bars. Nos. 5, 7, 10, 11, 12 and 14 on the programme being thrown out to make room for them. The show gave perfect satisfaction, advertised itself, and won the praise of the people. James Robinson "split them clean open," as they say, while Charles Seeley, as knock-about clown, hit them hard. Fred Barclay left the show at this place to return to America. To-night the show leaves for the interior, making four one-day stands at Gamlet, Burra, Kapanda and Port Adelaide, after which it will sail to Tasmania, where it has business to do at Launceaster and Hobart Town. Of them anon. Yours, etc., W. G. C.

BOWLING.

BOWLING AND BOWLERS.

The game between the Nationals and Pin Knights has virtually closed the regular tournament bowling season, as those clubs who have not played their full series of games, seeing no possible chance to obtain a place in the race will now discontinue their hard work. In fact, the Empires, Terpsichores and Mutuals have among them given up the sponge, dissatisfied with the Association. There will, however, be guerilla firing of balls along the line in the shape of what is called "friendly games"—as if the regular games were not so. The Athletics won every game they played, making them champions. The Pin Knights get second place, having won six games out of seven, and the Nassaus come third, with five games to their credit. The rest are not placed, unless there is honor in goose-eggs. A table of the games won and lost by each club is given below, and it will be seen that the Mutuals, who were the last champions, have three goose-eggs and four crossmarks against them, denoting forfeited games. The best score of the season was made by Miller of the Athletics, followed close by Hirsh of the Terpsichores, and the most steady player was in the person of Judge Mercur of the Saturday Nights. It is the intention of the New York clubs to organize an association of their own for the next season. The Saturday Nights, Custers, Empires, Terpsichores, Franklins, Grammercy, and Knickerbockers will join in, and give an emblem worth bowling for. The most graceful bowler in the eight clubs is McEvoy of the Empires, the swiftest bowler is Bob Orr of the Nassaus, and Amateur actors were represented by Conover and Hopps.

TABLE OF GAMES.

	Athletic.	Pin Knight.	Nassau.	Columbia.	National.	Terpsichore.	Empire.	Mutual.	Games won.
Athletic	..	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	7
Pin Knight	0	..	1	1	1	1	1	1	6
Nassau	0	0	..	1	1	1	1	1	5
Columbia	0	0	0	..	1	1	1	x	3
National	0	0	0	0	..	0	x	x	0
Terpsichore	0	0	0	0	x	..	x	x	0
Empire	0	0	0	0	x	x	..	x	0
Mutual	0	0	0	x	x	x	x	..	0
Games lost	0	1	2	3	4	4	4	3	21

PIN KNIGHTS vs. NATIONALS.

The above clubs came together at Helser's on May 25, one to fight for the championship and the other to keep their word by accepting all challenges offered, even if they did not win a game. The Nationals succeeded in doing the latter, although it must be said that they have often tried hard to conquer some club. This is the end of tournament bowling for the present, and by winning this game the Pin Knights get second place. The bowling throughout the ten frames was very inferior, with the exception of the two Andersons, and Patsy, who again proved the man in the gap.

PIN KNIGHTS.		NATIONALS.	
F. Anderson	175	Cummings	123
J. Fink	129	Clack	150
C. Moller	123	Cahn	157
Snyder	117	Brown	116
Altebrand	170	Savage	143
H. Fink	97	Blanchfield	131
Oberle	114	McArdle	105
Colon	162	Riley	142
E. Anderson	167	Rogers	117
J. Moller	146—1307	Sullivan	106—1290

THE SOUTHSIDE CLUB.

A meeting of this club was held on May 22 at 102 First street, Williamsburg, to take action in regard to their president, A. Smith, resigning on account of removal to Rockaway. Mr. McThomas was elected to fill the vacant chair by a unanimous vote, and after the little pleasantries were over the following game was bowled, having for captains the retiring president and the old president. The bowling was very good for the amateur champions.

McDERMOTT'S SIDE.		SMITH'S SIDE.	
McDermott	147	Smith	173
Haffner	145	Held	150
Thomas	172	McAllister	180
Moore	154	Steckmest	150
Rutt	195	Hoddefeld	162
Maher	171—982	Shottler	149—968

STRONG PLAYING.

Since the alleys at 29 Broadway have been lengthened and widened to regulation limit, the Custers have taken more interest in the game, and are practicing hard for their coming matches, the first of which takes place to-day, Saturday, on their alleys, during the Athletics as opponents. On the last day of the month the Custers go to Hoboken, N. J., where they play a friendly game with the Young Men's Social. The following is the Custers' big score:

SEILKEN'S SIDE.		SABIN'S SIDE.	
Seilken	151	Sabin	192
Waibel	168	Field	192
Striker	165	McCormack	145
Jetter	179	Trulli	128
Vaughen	166—830	Loyoung	179—836

THE FRANKLINS' LAST NIGHT.

The Franklins wound up their bowling season on May 26 at Beethoven Hall by spreading themselves in two ways—bowling and dining. The latter was so much taken up in parting regrets that they only bowled a five-frame game, in which Henderson bore off the palm:

BOGART'S SIDE.		ARCHBOLD'S SIDE.	
Bogart	78	Archbold	61
Johnston	90	Metzger	50
Henderson	94	Allen	50
McCorkle	40	Lear	53
Smith	85	C. Perley	48
Orr	42	Tedford	66
H. Perley	66—495	Sinks	71—394

THE GERMANIAS.—On May 23 the members of this club turned out in full force, and divided their team equally, when a rattling good game was bowled:

MOLLER'S SIDE.		DICKEY'S SIDE.	
J. Moller	175	Dickey Jr.	129
J. Moller Jr.	188	Miller	166
C. Moller	160	E. Voege	150
Joe Moller	145	G. Voege	141
H. Moller	186	Weiser	138
Lost Moller	158—1012	Dickey Sr.	157—881

THE SATURDAY NIGHTS bowled the following good practice game on May 26:

ROLLINGS' SIDE.		GREENTREE'S SIDE.	
Rollings	187	Greentree	178
Mercur	214	Hughes	190
Fitzpatrick	164	Groh	186
Potter	180	Eisenman	169
Biele	122—927	Deidreck	160—913

THE APOLLO CLUB.—Eight members of this team met at Wortman's on May 24, and rolled a slashing good game.

Hill	187
Hedges	175
Ten Eyck	168
Bender	182—712
Romaine	193
P. Tostevan	188
Hillyer	174
H. Tostevan	207—762

THE ALLEYS of Henry Unckrich, Third avenue and Twenty-sixth street, have now four clubs bowling there regularly. On Mondays the Teutonias meet; Tuesdays, the Alhambras; Thursdays, the Pastimes, and Fridays, the Fidelias. On last Tuesday the Americans averaged 170 to a man in a game played by them.

THE WILLIAMSBURG CLUB.—The old gentlemen of this club met on May 23 and, after a supper and Tinmerman captains, bowled a ten-frame game with the following showing: Timmerman's side, 1,158; Rover's side, 1,151.

THE EMPIRE ALLEYS, on which many a hard-fought battle was contested for the glory of the highest score, was, from some cause or other, closed on May 23.

THE TRIGGER.

KINGS COUNTY, IL., SHOOTING CLUB.

The regular monthly shooting contest of the members of the Kings County Shooting Club took place last week at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Driving Park. The prize shot for was the club gold badge, which must be won three times consecutively before it becomes the unconditional property of the victor. The conditions were: 25 birds each; 21 to constitute a score; 18 yards, rise, 80yds. boundary, 1¼ ounce shot, at ten birds each; the holder of the badge to be handicapped two yards in the rise for every time he has won the badge. The present holder, J. G. Emergy Jr., had won it once before, and consequently had to stand at 23yds. rise. The judges were Messrs. J. H. Bonnington and Hugh Carrick. Scorer, Levi Reddon. Score: Con Moller, 9; J. G. H. Ahrens, 6; W. Pickard, 10; J. Moller, 11; Moller Jr., 7; J. Degen, 8; Joerger Jr., 10; J. Meyer, 8; C. Meyer, 7; J. H. Miller, 9; Tonjes, 3; C. G. Miller, 8; D. Creamer, 6; C. F. Miller, 8; D. Feely, 4; J. M. Moller, 7. A tie having occurred between W. Pickard, J. Moller, and J. Joerger Jr., they shot off at five birds each. Pickard killed a Moller 3, and Joerger 4, the latter consequently remaining possession of the badge.

PRIZE MEETING AT CREEDMOOR.

Alternate sunshine and rain, with high winds, tended to render prize-shooting somewhat uncomfortable and unreliable on the occasion of the annual Spring prize meeting of the National Rifle Association, held at Creedmoor, L. I., Thursday and Friday, May 24 and 25, the disadvantages these drawbacks, however, there was some good shooting done. The results of the various competitions, with the leading individual scores in each, are given below:

Directors' match, 200yds.; position, standing, 5 rounds; for the Directors' championship gold badge; 13 entries.

E. H. Sanford	22
D. D. Wylie	22
Henry Fulton	22
George D. Scott	21
T. S. Dakin	21
Joseph Holland	20
Geo. Alexander	20

Short-range match; 200yds.; position, standing; seven rounds, for eight prizes, 115 entries.

Isaac L. Allen	31
H. W. Gormley	31
J. C. Simmonds	31
E. H. Sanford	30

Individual match (Carton); 500yds, ten rounds at Carton targets, nine prizes, 54 entries.

T. S. Dakin	52
H. Washington	51
E. H. Santord	51
William Hayes	51
M. H. Farrow	50

Military short-range match; 200 yards, seven rounds; open to teams of five, three prizes, thirteen entries; Company B, 7th Regiment, 125; Company D, 71st Regiment, 125; Company I, 23d Regiment, 125; Company A, 14th Regiment, 122; Company A, 23d Regiment, 121; Company H, 7th Regiment, 120; Company K, 8th Regiment, 119; Company U. S. Engineers, 119; Company B, 23d Regiment, 115; Company I, 71st Regiment, 110; Company H, 7th Regiment, 109; Company I, 7th Regiment 101; Company I, 14th Regiment, 94.

Military mid-range match; 500yds., seven rounds, three prizes, eight teams. Company D, 71st Regiment, 81; Company H, 7th Regiment, 77; Company H, 8th Regiment, 76. *Cavalry match*; 200yds., seven rounds; open to teams of five, two prizes, three entries. Washington Gray Troop, 112; 3d Regiment, 95. *Running deer match*; open to all comers; 100yds., five consecutive runs, each competitor to be allowed four chances, but only the highest score to take a prize, of which there were three. Col. H. A. Gildersleeve, 26 on his first run; Col. George W. Wingate, 15 on his first run; C. E. Totten, 10.

The following competition for the Leech Cup took place on the second day, closing the meeting with one of the finest displays of marksmanship—at least on the part of one of the successful contestants—ever witnessed. H. S. Jewell making a total of 213 out of a possible 225 points, at 800, 900 and 1,000yds., which, we believe, is the highest number ever made in a three-cornered match. On May 3, at New Orleans, La., Dudley Selph of the Crescent City Rifle Club, it is said, scored in practice 214 out of 225, at the same distances, making thirty-six bull's-eyes; but the weather was much more favorable on that occasion than on the 25th inst., when Major Jewell had everything to contend against, the wind varying greatly, and rain and hail falling at intervals. The conditions were as follow: Open to all native-born citizens of the United States, and all resident members of the Amateur Rifle Club, regardless of nationality; distances, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards; any position; 15 scoring shots at each distance. Twenty-one out of over thirty entered completed their scores, and below will be found the full score of the winner, and the totals made by the others who finished the contest:

	H. S. JEWELL.			
	800-yds.	900-yds.	1,000-yds.	Total.
E. H. Sanford	71	70	66	207
C. E. Blydenburgh	65	70	32	197
I. E. Allen	69	62	55	186
M. Washburn	68	64	49	181
Francis Hyde	66	60	54	191
H. A. Gildersleeve	56	46	40	142
Romer Fisher	62	59	50	171
C. E. Rider	66	56	57	179
F. H. Madison	54	56	56	176
T. S. Dakin	66	62	48	176
H. W. Gormley	62	67	47	176
J. A. Lorell	61	60	60	171
G. W. Davison	59	57	53	169
J. P. Waters	59	54	53	166
G. L. Morse	60	56	50	166
H. G. Wolcott	54	69	36	159
C. E. Overbaugh	60	54	39	153
H. F. Clark	60	47	37	144
George Waterman	46	36	27	109
F. Wesson	22	37	40	99

BEARS GOING FOR "BULLS."—On Saturday, May 26, a short-range match arranged by Judge N. P. Stanton, Geo. Crouch and F. W. B. Hughes, for the exclusive benefit of members of the Stock Exchange, was the attraction at Creedmoor, L. I. The conditions of the competition were: Distance, 200yds., position standing, five scoring shots. Many of the nineteen contestants had seldomed before pulled the trigger of a shooting-iron, and the match afforded opportunity for much good-natured badinage at the expense of the "new recruits," who in turn did not spare the older hands. The scores were as follow: J. M. Amory, 21; W. G. Dominick, 20; C. H. Meigs, 19; R. J. Kimball, C.

RATES.

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ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

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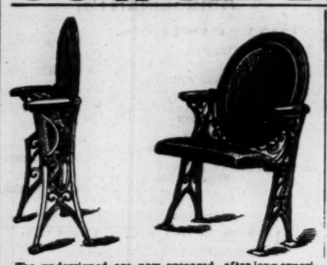
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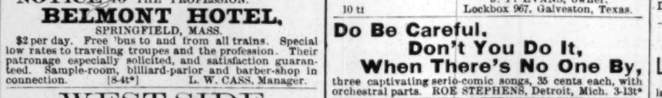

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